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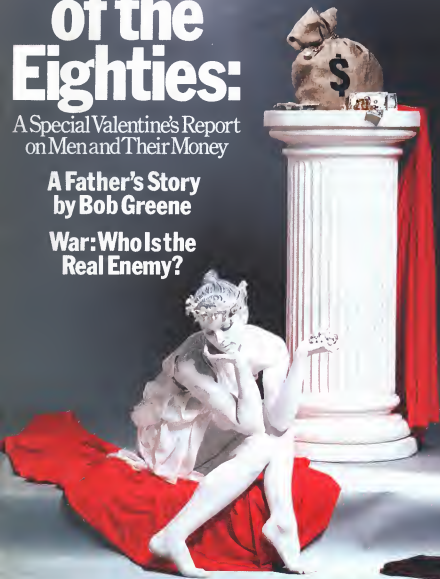
Man At His Best

The New Passion of the Eighties:

A Special Valentine's Report
on Men and Their Money

A Father's Story
by Bob Greene

**War: Who Is the
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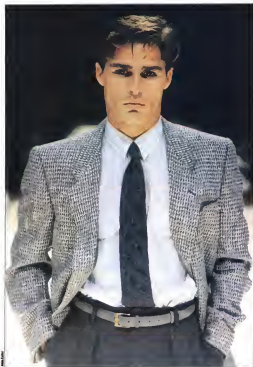
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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

FOR A generation reared in prosperity, the Seventies were an exceptionally tough time with record unemployment

People who came out either
Satan thinking of everything
but money suddenly found
the subject dominating their
lives. The speaker of religion
was the key factor that kept

Isolation was insidious. It destroyed the expectation of eventual prosperity by greatly reducing the spending power of accumulated savings. It encouraged risk taking and gambling with debt by creating a sense of urgency: "I will not be able to afford a loan."

People could not make a single decision of importance without considering economic factors; everyone was constantly forced to reevaluate where he stood economically.

ally, it was, for most people, a pleasant experience as they life decisions on the basis of need more, and became more. I wonder that this occurrence of homesickness, crying, and quaking is a device people live with in relation to an ancient rule of life: "change? And change the

Sitting in an airplane, one-flight attendants talking about and balloon payments on credit cards the main topics of conversation. The use of IRAs, the latest someone paid for an apartment level of doctor X or Y. Suddenly we were a nation in the vanguard of money.

Moreover, everyone had a survival strategy. How was one on wheels buffeted by the natural world?

For most people that stress of a combination of paying attention to the management of financial decisions, and, if management of expectations for achievement of a standard of living, then at least some that standard would be

Then came the Eighteen
cannon, and a dramatic fall



The generation that grew up knowing only prosperity, abundance, and rising expectations has been changed forever by the years of scarce resources, few good job opportunities, and the distressed dollar.

If Vietnam shaped the Swedes, then inflation defined the Swedes.

To find out more about how people weave strong financial considerations into their lives, *Esquire* sent New York Times business reporter Sonny Kiseoffield to talk with the experts—economists, social scientists, university researchers, and even psychiatrists—about the emerging attitude toward money in the Eighties.

Simultaneously Enquirer asked a series of regional reporters to interview six randomly selected men and get their tell-all in their own words about money in their lives. The only criterion was that the men be thirty-six years old when they were interviewed. The end result is our Documentary, "Men and Their Money: The Prison of the Eighties" (page 28), an enlightening report that concludes that financial scars, fears, and optimism are of a substance in a generation that remains confused.

The subject of money has often come up

in editorial idea sections, with numerous writers submitting various article proposals on the topic, and *Esquire* has periodically dealt with it in a series of articles ranging from Chris Welles's "Who Will Make Money in the '80s?" (September 1980) to Paul Hawken's unorthodox "How to Think About Money in Changing Times" (April 1983).

In order to continue this coverage, we have spent a considerable amount of time talking with readers and writers and financial advisors. One side effect of this exploration has been a number of suggestions from some very smart people on how to think about money. Some of the more intriguing pieces of advice, listed in another column, because it occurred

inflationary and noninflationary investment means that will provide real satisfaction and the post-retirement gain, thus ensuring access to it as an investment source of meaning to the time involved. Do not trust the idea you are favored gone in the days live at least one step-by-style you can afford and you are in the position of making money today for financial reason to maintain a life-style. And understand why you are particular financial decision, do securely detect it. Actually, drop any friends who insist on dilute about the subject.

This issue is an excerpt from Bob's-to-be-published book (*Good Morning Sunshine: A Father's Life in a Child's First Year*, Athene's first year as a letter). It is a record of one man's discovery joys and vicissitudes of parenthood in prose. Not off the press yet, but new as copies of a compilation of the best of Authors Achievement Awards, it has been published by Equinox Books.

—Philip Nathan

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

LOVE INTOXICATION

"THE SAVING OF JAMES FALKE," by Henry Soto (November), moved me like few stories I've ever read. As a parent I have grown accustomed to those feelings of protectiveness and love that we don't experience for the first third of our lives. The transfer of love into stories that resulted in the saving of James's life is a rare demonstration of the power and strength of parental feelings.

Unfortunately, I am afraid that the Falke story is an exception to the norm. Parents are rarely able to move beyond academic examinations. For every James Falke that is saved because of her parents' persistence, disease is lost. Whether it is because of schools that are unable to develop young minds successfully before they are turned loose in society or the demand of medical care and adequate nutrition due to lack of money, few people have the resources available to them that Charlie Falke does. But regardless of my skepticism, I thank Henry Soto and the *Vibe* for sharing this experience with me.

Rendolph J. Simons
Riverside, Ore.

FINDING THE STING IN STING

LATELY EVERY time I go to the magazine rack at my local bookstore, I see yet another brightly advertised issue of *Sting*. I am weary of them all. The articles all ask the same boring questions. I end up throwing the magazine away knowing nothing more than I did before I read the piece.

Someday I mastered an enough excitement to read Marcello Clemente's article ("Am Per Die Sting") (November) and, to my surprise, it is the best article to date on the magazine. It seems something is possible about *Sting* after all. I felt as though I had met him. He, the piece didn't bombard *Sting* with questions on his personal life. All I've ever wanted to know is what it is actually like to talk with him, to observe his meanderings, to witness his photo sessions.

Happily, I found out that those experiences are like I knew every little thing about *Sting*, his jokes, his "so-called" arrogance, and his sadness with life, but most of all I love his fiery wit. There's a spark in *Sting* and I like that.

John Gregorio
Ann Arbor, Mich.

BLOCKING THE SOVIETS

STUPIDENESS! I know no better word to express my reaction to "East Asia: Allying Against the Soviets," by Jerrid L. Schacter (November). I've been an American citizen since 1947 (born in Colombia), and as one I regret that neither tropical Americans nor those of the "Marxist Front" can see how the Kremlin bosses (and, the "Soviet leaders") have advanced in their efforts to make the entire earth into their own little mesh.

For years I have been reading letters to the editor in leading dailies printed in Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela, Peru, et cetera. Here are typical thoughts: "I admire the Soviet Union because there is no unemployment.... In Russia there is no discrimination, racial, sexual, or otherwise.... Education is free, so are all sorts of entertainment...."

I wonder how many of these letter writers would uproot themselves into the U.S.A., the "bored capitalist country." Perhaps Schacter or student good copywriters will tell Russian readers about life in the "workers' paradise."

Jorge Sarmiento
Miami, Fla.

STRESS THE FACTS

WILLIAM FALKE's article on stress and disease ("Uncovering the SECRETS of Health and Disease," *The New Apprentice*, November) does the general public a disservice by playing down the importance of cigarette smoking, high blood pressure, and high serum cholesterol as contributing causes of heart disease.

Mr. Falke bases his reporting on data from only one study, the Multiple Risk Factor Intervention Trial (MRFIT), but he also neglects to inform us that the validity of these same data has been seriously questioned by many epidemiologists and other research methodologies.

I certainly agree with Mr. Falke that stress may play a major role in increased heart resistance to disease and, as such, deserves much more study than the medical establishment has been willing to give it. But to ascribe all of our present-day diseases to stress, as does Dr. Paul Bosch of the American Institute of Stress, while ignoring the important individual effects of such disease risk factors as cigarette smoking, genetic predisposition, and

nutrition is not only misleading but also very dangerous.

Would you have the two-pack-a-day cigarette smoker believe that his increased risk of coronary heart disease, chronic obstructive pulmonary disease, and lung cancer is due to the effects of stress alone?

Christopher P. Johnson, Ph.D.

New York, N.Y.

MARITAL MANNERS

REGARDING TAKI's essential misunderstandings while pursuing the good life as a womanizer ("The Happy Husband," *High Life*, November): the fine art of flirting is, alas, a lost one in the U.S. It is clumsily attempted, misinterpreted, and taken too seriously.

Pursued at the expense of a companion's emotion, though (regardless of his/her self-interest), is just plain rude. Finally, I view a man who flirts without while he is with another woman as rather thoughtless. Furthermore, a male companion who finds charming another woman more rewarding than charming one can do so without my company.

An Miss Manners says, "Decent is a human condition, but there is no excuse for bad manners."

Elizabeth Davidson
Beverly Hills, Ark.

ADORING WORDS

I WAS baffled by Stuart Spencer's treatment of John Updike ("Updike Delus," November). After your fairly clear approach to poor old Melville ("Melville and the Americans," by Richard Rood, October), who is steadily doing his job, why the adoring adoration of Updike?

In all the latest, glossy, processed praise of Updike's twenty-seven books, you will not find a single statement of much interest about anything of much importance nor enough passion to generate passion in a milk bottle. Has American literature really sunk to this? *Woman's Home Companion* level? An *Esquire* reader would have said, "He writes good but he does have nothing to say."

Edward Abbey
Orinda, Calif.

Letters in the above should be mailed with your address and phone number to: *The Sound and the Fury*, Editors, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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BY BOB GREENE

FOR MEMBERS ONLY

A few clubs for those who aren't in luck

IN THIS country there is a certain prestige attached to becoming a member of celebrated organizations. Probably the most desirable of all is the United States Service, when an American is elected to that body, he or she can take comfort in being part of what has been called the most exclusive club in the world.

Other associations carry their own particular symbolism and weight. It is a college fraternity, a local Rotary, or a suburban country club, these always seem to be a particular organization with the power to make people strive for entry.

These sort of clubs aren't the only ones in America, though. According to Denise Alery—who, as editor of the *Biographical Dictionary of Associations*, keeps track of such matters—there are at least 16,414 organizations in the United States. That's only the ones she knows about; she thinks there are undoubtedly many more.

So if you haven't filed for a run at the U.S. Senate in your life's campaign, and if the golf club in your city hasn't responded to your application, you might want to keep some of the following in mind. All of them are more than willing to take new members.

THE NORTH AMERICAN Tiddlywinks Association, with headquarters in Goldensburg, Maryland, is the only national organization dedicated to that sport. Its secretary-general, Larry Kuba, estimates its membership at approximately one hundred.

"The biggest problem we have is our image," Kuba said. "It's almost impossible to recruit new members. They think of tiddlywinks as a children's game. We think of it as a war game that happens to be played on a six-sided by three-inch flat mat."

Most members of the North American Tiddlywinks Association, who said, own standard sets of winks—the blue and black, green and yellow disks that are propelled around the mat. Top tournament players, though, own many squiglers—the larger



disks that are used to shoot the winks. "I have eight squiglers," Kuba said. "They're like golf clubs; you use different squiglers to make different shots. Some people have as many as twenty squiglers, but they're just showing off if you ask me. There's no way you need twenty squiglers."

Although the North American Tiddlywinks Association has never been compared to the National Football League, Kuba mentions that tiddlywinks can keep a person in shape. "During a tournament, you can be on your feet for eight hours," he said. "At the end of the day you really feel it in your legs."

"WE HAVEN'T" been able to find all of us," said Dennis Bishop, president of the Rockville Amateur Association. "The Rockettes have been in existence for over fifty years, and there were always thirty-one dancers on stage at any given moment, so I think there are probably hundreds of

former Rockettes who don't know about."

As it is, there are 320 members of the organization, which has its headquarters in Maplewood, New Jersey. Any woman who has ever been a member of the famed Radio City Music Hall dance troupe or its early predecessor, the Missouri Rockets, is eligible. Mayor annual functions are a full luncheon and a spring charity ball.

"We were never thought of as sex symbols," Mrs. Bishop said. "We weren't the Playboy bunnies. Our stage was the all-American, apple pie, girl-next-door type. The founder of the Rockettes got very angry if we were referred to as 'sex charms' or 'sex line.'" He insisted on the term "garden-of-edenness." (Former dancers) have a "whole wholesome constitution."

The first question a Rockette always asks is, "Mrs. Bishop, what is it that you ever make a mistake?" "I'm sure we all make mistakes," she said. "I know I did. Nobody's perfect. But we for all making every mistake in heaven, so I guess that's what people think about when they think of us."

"IT'S JUST what it sounds like," said James H. Smith, Jr., of Corp. Hill, Pennsylvania, president of the Jim Smith's Society. "It's an organization of people named Jim Smith."

The purpose of the club, which has 1,258 members, is to give people named Jim Smith pride in their name. "When you name is Jim Smith, you are in the best position," Smith said. "One goal is to make Jim Smiths stick out their chests and stand tall."

One of the problems about being a Jim Smith, Smith said, is that people often assume you are traveling under an alias. "When my wife and I were first married, we used to get wrong looks from hotel desk clerks. Her name is Jane Smith."

Smith feels that Jim Smiths often turn out to be overachievers—perhaps as a

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GLOVER SEES NOTHING PARTICULARLY UNUSUAL ABOUT HIS DEDICATION TO BARBED WIRE. "BUT YOU KNOW WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND? PEOPLE WHO COLLECT BUTTONS. ME, I WOULDN'T HAVE A BUTTON."

means of trying to compensate for their names. "I think there may be a subconscious desire for a person named Jim Smith to show the world he's special in other ways," Smith says. "Although I won't tell you—not all Jim Smiths are great success stories. I have had appeals from two Jim Smiths to help get them out of jail."

Smith said that the members of the organization feel quite comfortable when they all get together for dinner. "We have an all-Jim-Smiths affair once every year," he said. "Jim Smiths travel five hundred miles to play. The only problem is what to call each other. You can't call Jim or Smith. We usually call each other by the name of the state or town we're from. They call me 'Camp Hill'."

THE DOGS on Stamp Study Unit, with headquarters in Newark, New Jersey, is dedicated to the study of postage stamps that have dogs on them.

"There are more than two thousand stamps worldwide with dogs on them," said Morton Korman, secretary-treasurer of the organization. "Whether a new stamp with a dog on it is issued, or we discuss a dog on an old stamp, our one hundred seventy-five members communicate with each other about it."

Although most people might be surprised to learn there are so many stamps with dogs on them, Korman said that the members of his club are hardly shocked by the phenomenon. "We don't get excited about it," he said. "We treat it of course. The average person might be shocked to look at a stamp and find a dog, but that's what it's always looked like."

The main challenge for the study group, Korman said, is to find stamps whose dogs may or may not be—according to documents that there is, indeed, a dog on the stamp. "If there's a stamp with a picture of a famous person in a cycling chair," he said. "There's a dark object under the chair. Now, is that dark object a dog? Is it the base on the head of a dog? Is the dog curled up there? Or is it just another dark object, and not a dog? Our job is to find out."

THE NINETEEN Thirty-Two Buck Registry is a club made up of people who own Buick automobiles manufactured in 1932. Its majordomo, McCallan G. Blair, of Indiana, Pennsylvania, estimates the membership at "a couple of thousand."

Blair himself said that he owns "quite a few '32 Buicks." "I suppose I own a couple of dozens. I've never really counted. Some are hard to tell ones—they're pale. Some I can't tell if some of them are cars, or half-trucks, or pieces of cars."

He said the members of the organization hold no illusions that the 1932 Buick was the finest car ever built. "We just like them. Nothing in particular about them. They're just nice. They look sort of oddity, but they're unobtrusively modern enough that you can drive them and they won't fall apart."

He said that the concerns of his members are generally the same. "We're all looking for the same kinds of parts." He said that 1932 Buick owners are not hoarders. "I don't think you could accuse us of being rapacious love affairs with our cars. But we do like them a lot."

"BASICALLY, WE just want to make Americans better educated about ourselves," said Thomas P. Byrne, president of the National Association for the Advancement of Aerobics in America.

Byrne, of Waukegan, Wisconsin, said that he has never again on aerobics at a person—but that he has long been attracted to photographs and paintings of aerobics.

"Even in Africa, you can find for the years and never see an aerobics," he said. "The most fun our members have is exchanging photographs and drawings of aerobics. We have more than six hundred card-carrying members, but I have a suspicion that a lot of them aren't that serious about aerobics. To say that the hard-core member, also in only a handful or a hundred city."

Byrne said that his is an advantage of aerobics for their abilities. "The aerobics is the fastest-growing animal alive," he said. "They dig faster than an iron with spiders. They also have tremendous hearing. Their eyes are really loose, but if you look at that aerobics can beat any other animal on the march, and from quite a distance. too."

The long-range goal of the association is to banish the dog alpha aerobics are accepted as household pets in the United States, Byrne said. "They have certain qualities that would make them better pets than cats and dogs," he said. "For example, they're pretty incapable of taking offense against. Instead, they just roll over on their backs and stick out their feet, adopting a defensive posture. The person who is deathly afraid of dogs, this could be a big advantage."

THE INTERNATIONAL Barbed Wire Collectors' Museum Society has headquarters in Sonoma, Texas. Its secretary-treasurer, Jack Glover, said its six hundred active members are devoted to collecting and passing on barbed wire lore.

"Barbed wire is part of our history, just like guns," Glover said. "Do you know

what settled the West? Barbed wire and windmills settled the West."

Although many people probably assume there is only one kind of barbed wire, Glover said that there are 850 different patterns for barbed wire, each for a different variety. "We display our barbed wire collections on boards," he said. "The wires are cut into eight-inch strips. Anyone who would display a piece of wire less than eight inches is not a true collector. The eighteen inches are enough to allow you at least two or three turns."

Glover is rather glib about barbed wire. "People from all over the country call me and ask me what kind of barbed wire to buy," he said. "You can buy cheap barbed wire everywhere. But three weeks is going to come, and that foreign wire is going to stretch and snap. Or if it doesn't stretch and snap, just doesn't have the same strength of domestic barbed wire."

He said that he sees nothing particularly unusual about his dedication to the collection of barbed wire. "But you know what I can't understand?" he said. "I can't understand people who collect buttons. Sometimes I think the biggest collection in the world are button collectors. Ma, I wouldn't have a button."

"I PROBABLY own twenty thousand buttons," said Lutz Pool, of Alamos, Ohio, the president of the National Button Society.

"The typical button you will see on a man's or a woman's shirt is not a collectible button," Miss Pool said. "It's not unique enough. We look for the button that is new, but enough to be a preserve."

The National Button Society has more than two thousand members, Miss Pool said. "We publish the National Button Bulletin," she said.

"It comes out five times a year, and features full-page photographs of buttons, so that we can examine the buttons in detail. We are just about to go to color photos in one issue a year, so that we can study the true colors of the buttons."

She said that members of the society are usually very helpful to each other. "If you're looking at a person up and down when they come," she said. "I work as an office manager in a funeral home," she said. "When you have a suit in and he's wearing a new suit, my eyes go immediately to the buttons. It happened just the other day. The buttons on his suit were plastic, encased in brass, with initials in the center. I couldn't help myself. I said to him 'Where that suit is from, sir, I would like the buttons.'"

BOB GREENE is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.



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BY ANTHONY BRANDT

HE PROFESSIONAL VICTIM

Some people make a career of blaming others for their troubles

THIS COLUMN is about victims, about the psychology of feeling victimized. Since no major villain has ever been dangled at me—I've never been raped, I'm not a victim of war or poverty, and I'm no innocent bystander—I can't say much about the experience of being a genuine victim. But I do know something about feeling victimized, about being persuaded that people or events or maybe malevolent forces have it in for me. I'll start from there.

While it's generally understood that the purpose of making me suffer, I've written a magazine article, it's been accepted, but the check doesn't come and doesn't come, and bills pile up and those people who keep track of my credit card debt payments start calling. The anxiety remains. I mail the magazine and it turns out that the payment reader got stalled on somebody's desk, so the check got sent to Miami (this has happened twice).

Or the woman who hands payments in at Alabama, if this happens often enough—and it does—I begin to think there's a company shakedown, not among the magazines but among the girls. They are deliberately delaying payment until the last possible moment, when the check finally does arrive. I'll use up the entire amount in a single day paying all those bills. Why? Why are they doing this to me?

But actually nobody is doing anything to me. There are no such gods. I came from here. I came by myself, but it's useless. Sometimes I curse the accounting departments of the magazines. That's not only useless, it can be counterproductive, at least if you do it out loud and within their hearing. I never curse myself. That might actually lead some magazine to stop my continuing my role in this process, my choice of an occupation that is in its very nature highly irrational, my occasional—so, let's be honest—frequent inability to meet deadlines, my occasional carelessness in



accounting for all my expenses, my failure to get to know the people who make out checks, my general indifference to the business side of writing.

No, none of this do I do. If I did, I might be forced to live within my means. I avoid, I use myself as a victim. I have a great sigh and think about the injustice of life. The cause self-righteous. That the people in accounting got their salary checks on time. I make professionally every editor should be required to live here for a year just to see what it feels like. I can go in at this view of success. This whole thing is rather embarrassing to admit. Once when I was running a magazine for payment and making some poor editor's life quite uncomfortable, I happened to glance at the contact and saw that they had not so acceptance but on publication. I had never bothered to read the contract. Publication was a month away. So much for malevolent forces. So much for annoying editors and careless accountants.

TO CALL yourself a victim is to explain an event in a certain way. There are genuine victims, certainly, but there are also pseudovictims and people who participate in their own victimization, and it's important to make distinctions. When I told a woman friend I was writing this column, she said, "You've got to mention women who turn into victims in such a way valid into the myth." When I asked her to explain, she said, "I know all these competent career women who are perfectly capable of taking care of themselves, but in relationships with men they become just so many playthings."

As a matter of fact, I do know women like this. One, Bridget, a successful model, is currently living with a man who is sometimes highly abusive. He gets angry, screams at her, threatens to kick her out of the house, once he slammed her against the wall and hit her. She comes over to see us, tells us these horror stories, and cries and cries, but still she loves him. "I can't," she says. "I'm not ready. I love him." Is she a victim? Yes, he says.

To call yourself a victim is to make a claim on other people's sympathy. People let others victimize them because to be a victim is not to be responsible for what happens, it is a claim of innocence, an escape from guilt. Those who are abused against cannot be sinners. Self-righteousness, it follows, is the victim's disease. "Look what has been done to me!" To be self-righteous is to do no wrong, whatever you do, then, is justified. Even revenge. This is the cycle by which the victim becomes the perpetrator and the evil multiplies. The victim, who is by definition innocent and helpless, cannot be held responsible for the wrongs he sees. He has suffered, that gives him the right. He believes that misperception, which he calls justice, is acting through him. It is merely the agent, the wrath is really God's.



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Illustration of the stamp design in line with representation of the Canada Post Corporation

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ILLUSTRATION: MICHAEL COHEN FOR THE

I'll give two examples. The first might have come straight out of *Fiddlers*, but it didn't; it's a true story. I heard it from a friend of mine on the Jersey coast, where I grew up, and I know the person involved. His name is Sam and he's what you might call an avowed dropout, a man in his late twenties who doesn't know what he wants to do with his life and keeps getting fired from the jobs he takes, each of which, he insists, is going to be his life's work.

One of those jobs was as an apprentice to a local craftsman who boys old wooden boxes and restons and then sells them. Sam's troubles began about a month after he was hired. His boss didn't like him, he said; his boss was too critical. Sam was just doing his best, but the man couldn't be satisfied. He made Sam do things over again, laughed at him. Sam was sure, he had his back. Sam stuck to it, he wasn't going to give up. He never answered the man back, worked overtime without complaining. It didn't seem to make a difference. Three months into the job, his boss asked Sam to leave.

Save the victim. A couple of weeks later one of the man's restorations—a thirty-two-foot, deep—went to the bottom one night when it was riding at anchor. It had just come out of the shop. Somehow—this is the funny part—when the boat came up, the piece of the plug had come loose in the middle

of the night. Sam was indignant. Why would anybody suspect him? How could anybody think he would do such a thing? It just wasn't him; everybody knew how much he loved boats. Still, the boss had gotten exactly what he deserved. After the way he'd treated him.

No one knows for sure that Sam sank the boat. But everybody, without exception, believes that he did.

A true story, as I say. Furthermore, in fact, there's a much grimmer version of Sam in "Bert's Boring," by Little Dorrit Dickens. Her Mrs. Wicks, about whom Louise Thilling writes that she "lives a life of tortured self-commemoration which gives her license to turn her hatred and her hand against everyone..."

Such characters are not uncommon in literature and in life. Lee Salk, the psychologist, calls them apocalyptic collectors. In the victim field, they are the professionals. They claim inquiry, which may or may not be real, and, on the basis of that claim, out of the poisonous maw of their talking, turn their hatred against everyone.

They crap up frequently in divorce stories, where it's so easy to see yourself as the innocent victim of your husband's or your wife's perfidy. My second example is from the genre: the story of Dorothy and Bill. Dorothy is a woman who, during her marriage, which lasted some ten years, during which time I occasionally

heard ramblings of discontent from Bill, but never from Dorothy. She was one of those insouciantly cheerful, aggressively innocent people whose expression says, "I have nothing to hide." Bill was your typical quiet, close to the vest American male. I doubt if he ever let Dorothy know how unhappy he was at those meetings; he might not have let himself know. When he left, in any case, Dorothy was *delighted*; so were most of their friends. Her anger came out quickly, of course, to deep pain. There to stay? And finally to the assumption of martyrdom.

It's that final step that turns you into a professional victim. To decide that you are a martyr at times takes little else is to assign ill blame to the other party, to say you are doing absolutely nothing to deserve this fate. Bill is to blame, only Bill. He should be punished. Out of the innocence of her martyrdom, then, Dorothy sought what she would call justice. She tried to turn the children against Bill. She wrote him employer and all his friends, including me, telling us what a horrible person he was. What awful things he had done. She persuaded her through the courts, trying to keep him from seeing the children, trying to get more money. "I wanted a divorce when I left him," Bill told me. "One of the last things he said to me was, 'You're still talking to each other—this was after I had left'—she said, 'I'm going to

get you for this.' She meant it, too." He shook his head in wonderment. It was Bill's turn to be dumbstruck.

Bill survived Dorothy's onslaught; he remained and moved to the West Coast. The last Sam might have sunk survived, too; it was raised, pumped out, and more work was done. But what are we to say of these purported victims, their claims to injury and innocence, their "right" to revenge? It's my impression that professional victims are increasing in number. "The moral status of the victim has never been greater," says sociologist Richard Sennett, "or more dangerous than it is now." Sennett sees it as a holdover from Romanticism, when the suffering of the artist was supposed to enable him, make his work more selfless.

Especially suffering because the ticket to moral legitimacy for everyone, unless you are oppressed you have no access to the "truth" about, say, capitalism or racism. Those of us who are so unfortunate as not to be anyone's victim "are forced," he concludes, "constantly to go in search of some injury, some affliction, in order to justify even the contemplation of questions of justice, right, and entitlement in our lives."

Why is this dangerous? Because, for one thing, it forces us to play the victim. We are not. Take the victim of a mugging; he suffers all right, his pride and his hand

both hurt, but he has lost some of his possessions. But what has he done? You can sympathize, you can share his anger at the lack of safety in the streets, but moral authority? Doesn't that arise from the choices one makes, the characteristically ways one behaves, the lines one walks between principle and expediency? These are all essentially actions. One may indeed suffer for them, but if so, that suffering is one's own responsibility; it is something one accepts as a consequence of one's choices. That makes it a different thing from the victim's suffering, which is a function of bad luck, not of choice.

Seeing oneself as a victim, in my view, actually denies one moral status; it makes of one something passive, a slave to somebody else's actions. It is more indeed true that Dorothy was simply and solely the victim of Bill, it would be Bill who had made all the choices. Bill who had acted and reaped the moral consequences of his acts. Putative victims, in other words, are passive accessories, then the point of their own suffering. It is not an occasion for taking justice into their own hands, nor is it some sort of perpetual justification, a license for revenge. It is, rather, an occasion for asking yourself all kinds of questions about the part you might have played in the tragedy—the actions, in other words, the decisions, and forgiveness.

Dorothy missed the point and the accu-

sation, if what Bill did about her is true. I hear from mutual friends that she's living now with a man who embodies all the worst qualities she claimed Bill had demonstrated, and for which she'd tried to punish him. This man is a fugitive from child support payments, cannot keep a job, hates Dorothy's children, is vulgar and abusive, and must be taking Dorothy's habitual cheeriness to the breaking point. Life is sometimes laughably ironic. Character reveals itself and gives precisely what it deserves. Usually, without anyone trying to make it happen.

A victim can achieve genuine moral status, but only by making the effort to understand and forgive what has been done to him. Forgiveness looks selfish, it seems that we, too, are fully capable of doing harm. We, too, can persecute; we have that in us. "Ten, then is what good is," wrote Antonio Porchia, "to forgive and. There is no other good." Forgiveness breaks the cycle by which victims in turn persecute others. "Dignity," wrote Kafka, "the old injustice committed by man, consists in the complaint—increasingly made by man that he has been the victim of an injustice, the victim of injustice itself." The cycle is very old, perhaps ancient. But in this, the nuclear age, even our imagination finds the means to establish a cycle. It shall never cease.

ANTHONY SANDER is a free-lance writer living in New York.

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Feb	2-6	King George National Pro-Am	Monterey, CA
	16-19	Los Angeles Open	Los Angeles, CA
Mar	1-4	Honda Classic	FL: Las Vegas, FL
	20-25	USPGA Classic	New Orleans, LA
	26-31	Tournament Players Championship	Jacksonville, FL
Apr	5-8	Greater Greensboro Open	Greensboro, NC
	16-22	Sea Pines Heritage Golf Classic	Hilton Head, SC
May	3-6	MGM Tournament of Champions	Dallas, TX
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	20-25	Calander National Invitational	Ft. Worth, TX
June	7-10	Manufacturers Hanover	Westchester, NY
		Woolwich Classic	
	21-24	Georgia-Pacific Atlanta Golf Classic	Atlanta, GA
	25-28	Senior Tournament Players Championship	Cleveland, OH
July	8-11	Western Open	Chicago, IL
	16-21	Miller High Life Quad Cities Open	Moline, IL
	26-31	Sammy Davis, Jr.—Gentlemen's Club Open	Hartford, CT
Aug	6-12	Southern Open	Fort Worth, TX
	16-19	PGA Championship	Birmingham, AL
	23-26	World Series of Golf	Akron, OH
	30-9-12	W. C. Open	Indianapolis, IN
Sept	8-11	The Bank of Boston Classic	Boston, MA
	13-16	Greater Milwaukee Open	Milwaukee, WI
	19-22	Panasonic Las Vegas Classic	Las Vegas, NV
	25-30	Louisiana Classic	Arlington, TX
Oct	6-7	Texas Open	San Antonio, TX
	13-16	Southern Open	Orlando, FL
	23-26	Pennsylvania Open	Pennsylvania, PA
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SPORTS CLINIC

BY KEVIN SHYNE

SPEED

Even if you're not a material, you can learn to run faster

IT WAS raining in a kilometer race last fall with my friend George. At five miles he was puffing while I was striding along smoothly. Then the finish line came into sight, and George accelerated his kick. He lengthened his stride, pumped his arms, and pulled ahead. I tried to keep up, but couldn't. In the final straightaway, superior speed beat superior endurance.

According to traditional jock wisdom, I am a victim of my genes. Some people are born fast, others aren't, and there's not much you can do about it. This notion is backed up scientifically by comparisons of muscle fibers in top-performers and distance runners. The former have more fast-twitch fibers, which contract powerfully and explosively, while the latter have more slow-twitch fibers, which contract with less power but are also more fatigue-resistant.

Although it's long been believed that the ratio of fast- to slow-twitch fibers is genetically determined, a

number of coaches and sports scientists have recently challenged that view. They hold that speed is much more learnable than previously believed and that anyone can substantially improve his or her ability to run fast through proper training.

Fast athletes without natural speed (most of us), the coaches say, need more "juice" to get to be able to run fast in almost every land sport, whether you're looking out a throw to the plate in baseball or dash- ing for a sideline shot in tennis.

You can learn a lot about that racing by watching what happens when trained distance runners try to sprint. David Costill and Lawrence Armstrong of the Ball State University Human Performance Laboratory did just that in a comparison of marathoners and sprinters. The sprinters showed more forward lean while running, as well as a larger range of arm motion. But the most important difference, because it affects on-mechanical efficiency of the body, was in stride length.



At three-hour-marathon pace, the short, choppy stride of the marathoners was more efficient than the sprinters' longer, bouncy stride. The marathoners showed an average vertical lift of one centimeter, the sprinters eleven. Add that extra two centimeters of lifting to a 26.2-mile race and you're talking about a lot of wasted energy.

At higher speeds, however, the distance runners lost their advantage. They took more steps per second and reduced their vertical lift from nine centimeters to three. But the sprinters knocked out much more. Their vertical lift dropped to two centimeters. In addition, their powerful arm swings translated force through the legs in such a way as to increase forward thrust.

"Sprinting requires a completely different technique than distance running," says Costill. Which is why sprinters tend to look like body builders in comparison with marathoners. To master the technique, you need muscles in the right

places. Strong quadriceps, hamstrings, and gluteus maximus muscles, the so-called rear three systems of the legs, provide power for acceleration. According to experts, the muscles of the arms and shoulders counterbalance sideways torque generated with each stride, and they also add to forward thrust. The abdominal muscles stabilize the upper body, keeping the sprinter's center of gravity always on a straight line.

Height and weight are not that important in sprinting, notes Costill. Although the shorter runner can accelerate faster, the taller runner covers more ground per stride. In distances longer than forty yards the advantages even out.

Another physical requirement, at least for sprinters longer than two hundred pounds, is a well-developed metabolic energy system. Unlike distance running, sprinting is anaerobic, which means the demand for oxygen by the muscles outpaces the ability of the bloodstream to supply

it. As a result, lactic acid accumulates in the muscles, interfering with their function. After five minutes, you're up "in trained sprinters, however, the leg muscles are able to tolerate some of the acid and sustain a maximal effort longer.

Even with all that physical attributes, some athletes are merely fast, while others are superfast. At that level, there's no denying that speed is a product of a variety of genetic gifts; the most well known being fiber type. Top sprinters have a high percentage of fast-twitch muscle fibers, giving them built-in, powerful contractions. However, it now appears that this may be less of a gift than originally believed. According to Galeano Anel, director of biomechanical research and computer science in the U.S. Olympic Committee, it's possible to convert slow- to fast-twitch fibers by as much as 30 percent through proper training. An endurance athlete's improvements made by members of the women's Olympic victory

TRAINING FOR SPEED DEPENDS ON YOUR GOALS. FOR ACCELERATION AND RAW SPEED OVER SHORT DISTANCES, CONCENTRATE ON LENGTHENING YOUR STRIDE BY STRENGTHENING YOUR LEG AND ANKLE.

ball team after a year of sprint training and workouts on computer-controlled weight machines, several women cut a second off their one-hundred-meter dash time and topped their vertical jump from twenty inches to twenty-five.

Ariel's research also shows that sprinters' muscles are highly elastic. Thanks to this genetically determined trait, their muscles recover some of the energy transmitted to the ground at foot contact.

In addition, top sprinters are born with a low-spring nervous system. In an average person it takes about forty to sixty milliseconds for a signal to go from the nerve ending and "in" a muscle fiber. In sprinters this time lag is about ten milliseconds shorter, due perhaps to a stronger signal or a lower threshold for firing.

The firing pattern in a sprinter's leg muscles is also highly synchronized. The fibers fire at once, resulting in maximum power. Distance runners, by contrast, show asynchronous patterns, possibly to spare fibers for later stages of a race.

Genetic gifts aside, you can start improving your speed by checking your technique. Coats recommends recording your running form at different speeds on videotape to measure vertical lift.

While running at slightly faster than racing speed you should "try to increase your stride length without getting too much bounce and swing your arms for power without loss of joint position," he says. Check your leg extension too. If your foot strikes heel first with knee extended, try planting the foot flatter, making contact at midfoot. "Don't lock your knee at or before ground contact, since this impedes ground reaction," he cautions.

While Gault, wide receiver for the Chicago Bears, has this advice: "Increase your forward lean, lift your knees more, and extend your legs farther. Watch your arms so they swing evenly from across the body instead of forward and backward."

Beyond technique, training for speed depends on your goals. For acceleration and raw speed over short distances, concentrate on lengthening your stride by strengthening the leg and ankle, says George DeMatteis, author of *How to Run*. Raster and chairman of health and physical education at Virginia Commonwealth University. DeMatteis's prescription is a combination of weight training and "plyometrics," hopping and jumping exercises using the same technique as the start.

He suggests cranking every other day on the leg press (upset) and flexion stations at a Nautilus or Universal circuit, with the resistance set at a level you can manage for three repetitions, doing three sets of

three. When you can do three sets of five, increase the resistance. He advises concentrating on fast, powerful contractions.

On alternate days do the plyometrics. Start by jumping on both feet (landing broad-based) for thirty yards. Run twenty seconds, then hop thirty yards on the right leg, rest, and hop thirty yards on the left leg. Do this sequence twice, first starting for maximum height per hop, then for distance and speed. Increase the distance five yards every week, up to a maximum of one hundred yards.

Because plyometrics is very taxing, DeMatteis recommends to use every other day at most, at the end of a training session, and only for athletes who can already leg press two and one-half times their body weight. To minimize the risk of injury, do the hopping on grass or another soft surface.

Besides a powerful strike, raw speed requires rapid "turnover," an increased stride rate. Although this ability has been linked to muscle-fiber type, and so is regarded as fixed at birth, DeMatteis has had good results with overspeed workouts, such as repeated downhill sprints on a gentle incline (about 2.5 degrees). The idea is to move your legs faster than you could without assistance.

If you attended the five-day speed camps DeMatteis holds for high school and college athletes every summer, you'd do a more low-costing form of overspeed—hanging on to the end of a line pulled by a motor-driven device. Called the Sprint-master, it takes you at a preset speed that's faster than your best unaided time. If you feel you're losing control, you simply let go of the handles.

"Towing is the most practical and effective sprint-start method in use today," claims DeMatteis, saying improvements of 0.2 to 0.4 seconds over forty yards are typical among athletes at his camps in a four-to-five-week period. Why towing works is not known. "We think it has something to do with resetting of neurological patterns or converting slow-to-fast-pitch fibers," he says.

DeMatteis also recommends wind sprints to develop resistance and the maximum sprint. "Most sprinters longer than forty yards are won by slowing down the loss," he says. To build your sprint endurance, try "jacked sprinting." On a track, jog twenty-five yards, stride twenty-five (bracing at three-thirds speed), sprint twenty-five. Then walk twenty-five. Start with three repetitions, and add one every workout up to eight. Then go back to three repetitions and increase the interval distance by twenty-five yards.

For athletes interested in speed over

longer distances—say, the last four hundred meters of a ten-kilometer road race—leg strength and turnover are less important than a well-developed anaerobic energy system. To train your muscles to tolerate the accumulation of lactic acid, Coats recommends interval workouts twice a week. If you run track in high school or college, you probably equate the word *interval* with repeating sprints followed by mercifully short jogs. Torture is not the point, Coats states.

"The runs need only be slightly anaerobic and last two or three minutes to produce a training effect."

Someone hoping to break forty minutes for ten kilometers (a pace of 4:30 per mile) might do six or eight quarters at ninety seconds (seven-minute mile pace) with thirty-second rest periods. "You don't have to go at extremely high speeds to develop speed," he says.

Tom Brueck, a track coach who conducts interval workouts for Chicago-area distance runners, stresses that you should gear speed training to your racing goals, rather than falling headlong with all-out speed work. His advice is to run at the goal 15 to 25 percent of your weekly mileage at race pace or slightly faster.

Whether you train for raw speed or the speed over longer distances, bear in mind that this is an arduous exercise. Warm up with gentle stretching exercises and jogging for ten minutes before you start. Do the same thing afterward to cool down. If you feel any symptoms of muscle, joint, or tendon pain, stop the speed work until you can run quickly again without discomfort.

Be smart mental "toughness" too. Too much speed work can leave you feeling stale and run-down. "These workouts are as much for the mind as the body," says Brueck. "They're meant to build confidence, to make you feel aggressive and sharp in competition."

I've just finished a speed workout with Brueck. He calls it "stair-step intervals": a quarter, half, three quarters, and a mile and a quarter at race pace. My stride felt longer, my arm motion more powerful. Call Lauer for advice to test your time, but I do feel faster. By training like this once a week, I should be able to trim a few seconds off my next race.

Then I recall the race with George. He mentioned afterward that his weekly mileage was down, but he'd been doing two-hundred-yard sprints on a track once a week. Did it help? He paused, thought, then answered, "A few seconds."

Next time, I'll be ready for him.

KATHY JOHNSON is a Chicago-based freelance writer. This is her first piece for *Esquire*.

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Man At His Best

AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

SMART MONEY Beyond the Rolltop Desk



ILLUSTRATION: MICHAEL KATZ

Whenever I watch old movies and classic TV shows and a scene shifts to a venerable law office or to the inner sanctum of a private eye, I tend to look right past the action and turn a deaf ear to the dialogue. I suddenly lose all interest in characters and plot. My gaze shifts to the bookshelves and my mind starts to wander. "Look at those oak file cabinets, an entire row of them, brass handles... must be worth..."

In the last couple of years I've turned the century oak office equipment has more than doubled in value. One reason: All those rolltop desks that have been stepping up ivy-covered counterparts as oak filing cabinets and bookshelves. Another reason: Oak is a choice wood, early in appearance, boldly grained—more like furniture than like office equipment—and therefore ideally suited to the home office and, indeed,

to everyday living quarters.

Most of the oak pieces prominently displayed in antiques stores nowadays had their introduction by way of auction offices gone mad, boarded-up schools left in the wake of the baby boom, and modernized police stations and city halls. No telling what scandalous records or selling problems and headaches they used to hold. Some date back to the late 1800s, most, though, were built in the early years of this century, before the storings dangled on paper-shuffling, workaday America.

"We stopped making the oak file cabinets in the late Twenties," recalls a now-retired employee of the Michigan-based Shaw-Walker Company, one of a handful of firms that turned out quality pieces. "They couldn't have cost more than fifty or fifty dollars now."

Today, if you're lucky, that money might buy one drawer from a combined four-drawer

stacking unit. Seven years ago, when Bill Sheehan started selling oak filing cabinets at his Poor Richard's Antiques on New York's Second Avenue, the prices tags read \$150. Stop in now and be prepared to part with \$600. You'll likely do a lot better away from big-city sellers' markups, and you can also save by combining action savings. But unless you snap up a nice specimen—opened only on Sundays by a light-fingered grandfather—you'll probably have some stripping, refinishing, and brass polishing ahead of you.

WHAT'S IN STORE
As with today's most prized, wooden filing cabinets were made in both leg and letter sizes. Many were crafted as complete pieces to the file oak desks at the day and thus bear the same raised side glass and distinctive swirling "tiger grain" patterns in the wood. In addition to the standard four-drawer models, you may also come across three-drawer units and, with luck, what are termed doubles, two file-to-side three- or four-drawer files located on the same cabinet. A "double leg" with a slanted, double-top recently sold on New York at another Second Avenue shop for \$1,000. If you were probably used by an architect tested on a stool, and it would be perfect for a novelist or a cartoonist.

Also popular now, and command a steeper price, are the old glass-front stacking bookshelves, the kind you used to see in the nursery classrooms. At around \$180 per section, they are not cheap, but they are versatile. You can stack them in the corner, purchase enough and you can fill a small wall. A few rapid units even have leaded glass. Moreover, these oak-based bookshelves are practical as well as

eye-catching. City dwellers and others who are plagued by dust and noise will find that the glass fronts both dignify and protect cherished books and important papers.

Another sought-after model is the heavy-duty file cabinet, a rolltop drawer unit built to hold either three- or five-inch or four-by-eleven cards. Chances upon a matched set of appropriate height, and you've got real tables. A small four-drawer (two over two) file might wind up as a kitchen counter and elegant storage. Some people still show battles in them. Others file old maps in the three- or five-inch drawers, video cassettes in the four- by six-inch drawers. I know somebody who picked up a two-drawer library-style file in a used office-furniture store in Chicago's Loop. Automatically, this was six years ago, for \$27.

SHARPENING YOUR EYE

Now get to keep your eyes open, for one file cabinet can look rather lovely, and be useful, a file-up-front file. For a friend of mine, the proud owner (and grandfather) of a ratty three-drawer double, it was love at first sight. He had stopped at a locksmith's shop located in a converted gas station in Charlottesville, Virginia, and while waiting for his key to be cut he happened to look behind the L-shaped counter. There it stood, an imposing specimen: three drawers high, two wide, and topped with a warden of twelve thirty-eight drawers. The perfect companion for his price at home.

"Do you want to sell that?" he asked the warden behind the counter.

"You'd have to ask Mr. Brown," she replied, and she added that other people had asked about the cabinet.

Man At His Best

Lacking the necessary money (and Mr. Brown) for an on-the-spot offer, my friend left with only his keys. Last I heard, he planned to fangle \$350 in front of this Mr. Brown, then \$400, then \$500. He was even debating whether to offer to help carry in the necessary replacement tire.

I understand, for I, too, have been a writer. Some months back, while browsing in Pontrevidian antiquities stores, I happened upon a tall oak cabinet bristled with four doors, a pair above and a pair below a knob that practically asked to be pulled. The doors opened to reveal a bonanza of oak filing drawers, eight in each of the four quadrants, each about the size of a dictionary tied flat. Perfectly sized, I saw immediately, for filing manuscripts and theses.

GOOD THINKING
A Thinker's Anthology

The "commonplace book" is said to have originated in ancient Greece, where orators kept a variety of scraps handy as a "common store." In the 16th century, the young man writing private poems who looked them up to build their own book collections would borrow volumes from their wealthy friends and pass them on one to another in a kind of circulating library, each fellow would copy down his favorite quotations, aphorisms, or fragments of poetry. One creating his own commonplace book, Nathaniel Mercier, of W. H. Auden, and Aldous Huxley are among those who have published their personal salutes of wisdom.

The *Frontier Captives* (subtitled *The Thriller's Anthology*) was first published by Houghton Mifflin in 1945 and has been in print ever since. It was compiled by Ferns Grunslet and Charles F. Carter Jr., who, with the situation of war-time in mind, wanted a book that would be compact enough to fit into the pocket of a "soldier's tunic." Houghton Mifflin's new paperback edition

The knob, as expected, pulled out a shelf on which to lay a drawer in use. Unexpectedly, the shelf did not emerge straight forward, but instead veered further to the right the more I pulled. Extended, it looked like the paddle-shaped arm on an old-style school desk. The shelf chattered me. My wife agreed that the piece was a find and didn't fuss over the price I negotiated: \$600. We bought it on the spot.

I don't use it to store manuscripts and magazines, however. In fact, the cabinet never made it to my upstairs office. It stands near the head of our sofa table and across the room from the small desk where we use as a liquor cabinet. Inside, we store tablecloths, aprons, and candles. A flowering plant sits on the partially drawn shelf.

—John Grimes

is a strange contrast to the sunny, military or otherwise. Funny and powerful, with a real talent for finding it's the kind of book that keeps you reading.

The Professor Caplinger has a rather Jeffersonian Capitalism. Greco and Celia have represented classic Western thought in a way worthy of the best college curriculum. In the book are Amistad, Jefferson, and Joyce, and seemingly everyone in between. Everyone, put in, with a fairly heavy emphasis to comedy. The book, which has a decidedly masculine emphasis, is arranged in chapters with titles like "What Is Truth?" and "The Motives of Men." The wisdom in some of the passages is like said

curtly, fervent, dependable. In "How to Compose Your Life," the authors quote Jane Austen, one of the few women in the book: "I hope everyone had a pleasant evening," said Mr. Woodhouse, in his quiet way. "I had. Once I felt the need rather too much; but then I moved back my chair a little and it did not disturb me." It is the kind of wisdom one craves a whole of new and then. ●

CLASSICS
The Chesterfield



No article of men's clothing has more such appeal than the Chesterfield—not pinstripe suits, not watch fobs, not smoking jackets, not white kid gloves. The Chesterfield, that handsome, somewhat dandified overcoat with the velvet collar and shaped waist, is a sure emblem of class and privilege to any of them.

The coat was designed in the 1830s by a descendant of the eighteenth-century essayist and scold, the Earl of Chesterfield, whose letters to his son included the admonition, "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today." But it is neither the literary Lord Chesterfield nor his fashionable descendant that I have in mind when I say that Chesterfields reflect a certain upper-class consciousness.

The velvet collar is the key here. It's the detail that gives the coat its distinctive bounce. And, as it happens, velvet collars proliferate. Gleaned from 500 years, Princes and noblemen who fled France during the Revolution sewed black velvet strips onto their collars as an expression of mourning for Louis XVI. The gesture was taken up throughout Europe by aristocrats who were in sympathy with the French struggle and opposed to the Revolution. So even before there were Chausseid coats, velvet collars were a class trademark.

And they still are. It's a day-to-day, moment-to-moment thing by the flake coincidence of time and social context. Those who like the look of Chesterfields are almost certainly very value-conscious; those who don't necessarily use them as a luxurious prop, a flattery-like embellishment for the overly prepped. For Chesterfields, it's not so much a matter of being the chosen establishment and their equivalents and imitators. Non-Chesterfield people tend to be everybody else, as you will see if you compare the classrooms of, say, the Riverside School Club and the Kew-Forest club on a cold winter's day.

Chesterfields are done right, the perfect thing for a man who likes to stand out. Chesterfield smokers, however, stand out over anybody else.

thing—business suits, sport jackets, crew pants and sweat shirts. It isn't a universal code by any means. Most men's clothing stores in this country don't even carry Chesterfields. If you want to buy one, you have to shop where hunkers buy their clothes.

Given that, however, you will find a curious jangling of belts. For instance, at *Chippo*, the old-line men's shop in New York, salesmen will quietly point out that underneath the velvet collar there is a flannel and plain wool collar. And when you try on the classic charcoal-gray Chesterfield

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Man At His Best

Brooks Brothers, you'll notice that stuffed into one of the pockets is a sophisticated wool collar. This equivoques pleasantly allows for a change of heart, a failure of nerve, or perhaps another revolution.

A Chesterfield without the velvet collar? Technically it's still a Chesterfield, but it's a little like the Bentley you drive if you are diffident about owning a Rolls. In England the Chesterfield is defined by its coat, which was Lord Chesterfield's own contribution: usually close-fitting and either double-breasted or single-breasted, with a fly front. In this country, however, a Chesterfield without the velvet collar is just another overcoat.

There is then the matter of the beige and light-gray Chesterfields with matching pastel velvet collars. Perhaps will object vehemently. But historically they have no case. Chester gray is indeed the color of the classic Chesterfield, but Chesterfields in other colors—tweeds, even—have been around for a hundred years or more. So you cannot fault a store like Fred Segal for selling them. However, you can question the strength of their resolve when you put your hand in the pocket of one of the light-shade Chesterfields and find, once again, that the belt is bagged.

—John Berendt

THE DRINKING MAN For Men Only



Savory, hearty port is a product of Portugal. It colonizes men from the olive farms which it was first shipped, the harbor town of Oporto west the mouth of the river Douro in northern Portugal. Grapes for port come from the renowned vineyards of the mountainous region of Upper Douro—an odd locale, because its northern geography and wide climatic swings would seem to make it an unaccommodating area for wine growing. It is possible now to buy port from other places—there is a California port, for example—but the real article is Portuguese, designated on the bottle

as PORTO, or VINHO DO PORTO.

That said, it is nonetheless true that the real port is British and that it is a man's beverage. Sweet, heavy, and flavorful, port is a significant mouthful, these off-limits or pie-ban taste right, proverbially but aptly, find it too rich for their blood. And its image—sustained, perhaps, from models abroad, the Victorian upper class—maintains a close association with the private porosity of the English sitting room, where distinguished men retired after dinner, with their cigars and decanters, to embellish their vests and speak of politics, women, and the nature of things.

The fortified wine we know today as port was created from the natural veins of Portugal by eighteenth-century English wine merchants in Oporto, specifically for export and specifically to suit the sweet-loving English palate. Their invention was the addition of brandy to the wine before fermentation was complete, a step that has proved to have two primary effects. First, fermentation is curtailed, leaving a residual grape sugar that is a strong sweetener. Second, brandy augments the potency of the port, which is bottled at approximately 20 percent alcohol, hence port, which maintains the benign appearance of an ordinary red table wine, provides an invective and inspiring surprise for the casual drinker who is used to a mild, less imposing beverage. Its richness and strength make it inappropriate to drink at meals. That is most popularly enjoyed as a dessert wine or as an accompaniment to strong cheeses, it is also commonly served as an aperitif.

Of the three kinds of port readily available here, two are blends—and notoriously named—ruby port and tawny port. (White port, made from white grapes, comprises only about 10 percent of the port shipped to the United States.) Ruby port is a deep-colored mixture of young port wines that have been matured in wood for up to five years. It is the least expensive of the ports (at eight dollars a bottle), and the heaviest. Tawny port, named for the lighter hue that the wine takes on as it is aged in wood, is a blend of wines that have matured from five to sixty years. Tawny port, in general, is not as sweet as ruby port, and the older the wine, the drier it will be.

Vintage port is the product of an exceptional growing season, and as a result, it is made only two or three times in a decade. Unlike most fortified wine, vintage port is bottled within two years of the harvest and does the bulk of its aging in the bottle. At least eight to ten years are required for a vintage port to mature sufficiently for

drinking, but it will not come to full flavor for many years beyond that. An English custom dictates the purchase of a vintage port upon the birth of a baby, to be drunk in celebration of the maturity of both.

That vintage port runs in the bottle presents a difficulty for the purchaser, of course. Like blends, vintage ports grow as vintages at their mature. So you can spend a lot for a vintage port and drink it now or spend out to much and wait. The vintages from the early 1980s are just ready. Roy Barlowe, from Sherry Lohman at New York, recommends 1980 vintage ports from Graham (about \$25) and Fonseca (about \$23) and a Fonseca from 1983 (about \$50, acknowledged to be the finest vintage year in recent memory. Since then, 1977 yielded the most promising vintage, and Mr. Barlowe suggests two ports from that year that are excellent buys: Staadman (about \$28) and Nogueira (about \$42), but of course, these have yet to reach their peak.

As an alternative for those who want to experience a vintage port without investing a great deal of money of time, some houses blend ports incontinently to resemble vintage ports. Called vintage character ports, they ought to be so labeled, and they will have no peer on the bottle. Mr. Barlowe recommends White's, at about \$9.

The drinking of any old and great spirit ought to be performed with a certain amount of pomp and ceremony. In the case of vintage port, the traditional ritual—decanting—is a necessity as well as a part of the enjoyment, because during the wine's maturation a crusty sediment will have settled along the sides of the bottle.

That is an apt thing port is, after all, for settled moments, for the settled case. Samuel Johnson once made a characteristically blunt distinction between vintage and wine of Bordeaux and the polished spirit of the English. "Claret is the liquor for boys," Dr. Johnson said, "port is for men...."

—Bruce Weber

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Man At His Best

but the setting and atmosphere are hard to resist. Indeed, the *Bela Vista* is well suited for 30-foot views on the beach in Southeast Asia.

It looks out into a pretty dune. From the front rooms, with their deep-blue carpets and twelve-foot ceilings, you can see across the hotel grounds to a seawall, where lifeguards rest their nets, and beyond, to the bridges swarming in the Chinese and Malaysian traffic.

Inside, the *Bela Vista* is far removed from the clutter of Macao's casinos. While most of Hong Kong, it seems, has come by hotelists to line up at the slot machines (called *Harvey Tosses*), a very different crowd scurries into the lobby on the *Bela Vista* veranda: off-duty diplomats, hotelist officers, writers, bearded Jesuits. Sydney Greenstreet would find perfection at home.

—David Barish

THE SEASONED COOK

One Good Reason to Love the French



For most people the snail represents a gastrointestinal case of poison. Who hasn't felt a century-long stagnation when faced for the first time with the shelled, black, sluglike creature? My first snail was chewed gingerly in a bowl and swallowed with a colony-borne or wheeled. The appetizing case with the second plateau. Once I had overcome my aversion, the snail opened the door to a wide realm of edible snails, neither frog's legs nor snails seemed all that terribly strange.

The escargot is the irresistible cousin of the oyster and champagne. Low in calories (approximately 100 per dozen) and containing vitamins C, calcium, and copper, the snail is almost pure protein. Its soft, rich, earthy-flavored flesh demands only butter and garlic to

bring it to gustatory perfection. Escargots have been a delicacy since prehistoric times, a fact attested to by vast piles of empty snail shells found at Stone Age sites in Africa. The Romans started the first snail farms, fattening up their lucky escargots with wine and herbs. Snails accompanied the Roman legions on their march through Gaul, establishing a culinary tradition that still flourishes. Today France is the world's largest consumer of escargots, although the bulk of its snails come from Eastern Europe.

The process of transforming a live snail into an edible one takes about two days, at Philippe Bulet explained last summer when I stayed his family-run snail-processing plant in Burgundy. The snails are sent from all over Europe in triple wooden cases after being put

on a tepid "diet" to rid them of any bacteria or parasites, plants on which they might have grazed. Once purged, the escargots are blasted with steam, attracted from their shells, trimmed, sorted, and ordered. The snails are packed in an airtight case of herbs for two hours, while the shells are cleaned and sterilized. To keep up with the demand, the Bulet firm processes at least one thousand tons of snails a year—so many in five heated thousand individual containers a day during the holiday rush.

MOLLUSKS MADE EASY

Given the amount of work involved in preparing live snails, it's no wonder that most chefs start with quality canned escargots. Sold twelve or twenty-four to a can, snails are as done unto for you (usually medium, extra large, and giant). The shells, which are sold separately, need only be purchased once, as they can be washed and used again.

Unlike clams, escargots do not toughen with age, so it's just as well to use the extra-large or giant size. Be sure to rinse them thoroughly in cold water to remove the "fumes" of the snails' secret mucus. Rinse, blanch them briefly for five minutes in equal parts of water and dry white wine.)

The most popular way of serving snails is in a butter-sauce, baked with red wine, garlic, parsley, and butter. To serve four people you need twenty-four snails, with the shells, and escargot butter. Mince one and one-half sticks of unsalted butter, and let it room-temperature until light and fluffy. Stir in two to four cloves of garlic, and four tablespoons of fresh parsley, and chop in as finely as possible. Then whisk in a few tears of lemon juice, a dash of Tabasco sauce, about a quarter teaspoon of salt, and plenty of fresh black pepper.

Using your index finger as the end of a fork, place a bread-slice-size piece of the flavored butter in each shell. Then insert a snail and pack more of the butter on top. You can prepare the snails through-

the steps up to twelve hours in advance and store them in your refrigerator.

Traditionally escargots are cooked and served in special metal or earthenware dishes that hold the shells. Lacking these, you can bake the snails in any oven-proof dish lined with a quarter-inch layer of kitchen foil; you press the shells into the foil so they won't pop. Ten minutes before you are ready to eat them, bake the escargots in a preheated 450-degree oven, or until the butter is bubbling. Serve at once, with plenty of crusty French bread for soaking up the sauce.

Escargot tongs are useful for holding the hot shells while you extract the meat with a small two-pronged fork. In their absence, be sure to provide plenty of napkins, plus cut picks or corn-on-the-cob holders for prying the meat from the shells. In my circles it is considered perfectly good manners to rim the shells in your lips to sip the sauce.

MAKE IT YOUR WAY

Sometimes, in a variation on the traditional recipe, I bake snails without French onion butter. The literary association of snails goes well with the earthy flavor of the escargot. Just add two to three tablespoons of Pesto or other snail-flavored ingredients, the juice of half an orange, and four tablespoons of finely chopped toasted almonds to the escargot butter described above. Another nice variation—one that transforms the escargot into a lighter food suitable for cocktails—is to bake the snails with flavored butter as mushroom caps instead of in snail shells. And while we're on the subject of finger foods, why not wrap the snails in strips of bacon and broil them on skewers?

No one can swear that escargots are an aphrodisiac, but they do contain traces of zinc, which scientists have claimed is the "active" ingredient in oysters. There may be something to the claim; snails are hermaphrodites.

—Steven Kachler



The 60's was the wild look.

The 70's was the let it be look.

The 80's is the neat look.

Here's how you can get it. First of all, get your hair cut well and shampoo often. Then, before you comb and style, use **Vitalis Liquid** or light **Vitalis Clear Gel** to put back the manageability shampooing and blow drying can strip away. The result will be hair that looks neat and natural, well groomed but soft to the touch. If you have fine or thinning hair, try **Vitalis Dry Texture** for a full-bodied, natural look. And to hold today's neat look all day, use **Vitalis Super Hold** or **Regular Hold**, the pump sprays that give your hair long-lasting control that's always soft and natural, not stiff or sticky.



Vitalis Men's Haircare

(Don't let your hair let the rest of you down)

For more samples, see Reader Service Card, also page 72.

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WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW

Five Infallible Rules for Selecting Wine



There used to be signs in the bars in French-infused stations that said, *LA VIE MOUVROIS* (no French translation). "The average life of a water drinker is fifty-six years, of a wine drinker, seventy-two years," *CHATELAIN-MORIS*. "Choose for yourself."

Yes, sir? You've decided you like to drink wine, but which one? There are over five hundred varieties in California alone, not to mention thousands more around the world. Even the experts can't stay on top of things. Alas, there's nothing secret anymore about when to drink what—white or red, sweet or dry. You're on your own. The only thing that counts is, is it good?

There's plenty of reason for confusion but no reason for dismay. All you need to remember are a few simple things.

Rule 1: Follow the Grape

Wine is made from one or more of a huge number of grape varieties. Because of complicated breeding, it can sometimes be hard to tell which is the primary grape in a wine—the one

that gives it its taste. But here's the key: With California wines it's easy, because the name of the grape is included in the name of the wine, such as Pinot Noir or Chardonnay.

Simple: a few California wines and choose the red and the white you like best and remember them. Then translate them to the foreign names: Cabernet Sauvignon is the grape of red Bordeaux wines; for example, and Chardonnay that of white Burgundies and Châteaufort. All the best German wines are made from the Riesling grape, and Barbera produces popular southern Italian wines.

When in doubt about the European equivalent of a grape, it usually works to simply say to the wine steward or salesman, "I especially like Cabernet," or "I like Chardonnay."

Rule 2: Buy from a Wine Merchant

A liquor store is not a wine merchant. You can tell the difference as soon as you walk in. Is a liquor store the bottles are standing up. There's usually

by a huge selection and superb lighting, and if you ask them, most of the employees will say they prefer beer.

Unfortunately, there are few wine merchants. There you're likely to find substandard lighting. (Light affects wine, hence the wine cellar. The labels on wine bottles are even used for partial protection.) Most bottles are on their sides (not only to keep the corks moist and swollen, but because wood helps get wine, and cork is a wood.) There will be a more carefully chosen selection, and the employees will be able to discuss all of them with you. You'll probably pay an average of an extra fifty cents or so per bottle. No matter: the advice you get is worth far more.

Rule 3: No More for Wine Than for Food

Price counts. You pay a 300 percent markup for wine in a restaurant. It always seems that your favorite isn't on the list, but if your waiter knows anything, you can ask for suggestions: "I'd like a dry white (or a fruity red)." Or you can name a wine you like and ask if there's something similar.

Tell him the price you want to pay, but expect a figure several dollars less than you're actually prepared to spend. When he mentions a possible choice, ask him what he'd recommend if you decided to pay a little more, choose your wine from those suggestions. Everyone will be happy—he will have sold a more expensive bottle, you'll have done your part, and you'll both have earned off one of the many little conveniences of wine.

You're more likely to find yourself in a situation in which the waiter knows nothing about the wines and, in fact, can barely supervise them. In that case, don't buy the least expensive—it's usually cheap for a reason. You're equally likely to be disappointed in the priciest wine, no matter how special the occasion. Make your choice from the lower-middle price range, and don't pay more for the bottle than for the inside.

Rule 4: Bordeaux in Restaurants, Burgundy at Home

The fancy Pinot Noir grape used in red Burgundies sometimes produces excellent wine. Often it doesn't. Only one out of four Burgundies found here is really good, only one in a hundred is great. Let these great ones, plus the limited production of that great region, keep prices high. Add to that the difficulties caused by the hundreds of vineyard names, and buying Burgundy in this country becomes a roulette game.

Usually the best clue to quality is the name of the importer, which is almost never listed on wine lists. However, you can see it on every label at your wine merchant's, so buy at these and drink your Burgundy at home.

Bordeaux, on the other hand, is made of the sturdy Cabernet grape. This region makes more fine wine than any other in the world, so prices are relatively low, while quality remains high—a good prospect for a restaurant wine.

Rule 5: You'll Be Okay with Boreglasses

If your mind suddenly goes blank, and what you remember about wine wouldn't fill a shot glass, or if you've recently read the wine list, wondering what will go with your scallop and her lobster, or if you're on a budget but still want a wine that won't let you down—pick Boreglasses.

It's an all-purpose white, light, easy to drink, fresh, being agreeable with almost all food, and usually not more than five dollars a bottle, retail. It's your fallback position, the game saver of wines, the old reliable.

But it shouldn't be old—no older than the previous vintage, with a vintage date of the current year or the one just past.

One thing about it that is different from other wines: it should be served, as the French do, just slightly chilled. If you find a restaurant that does that, make it your home.

—Ray Eldridge

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about more than a car's construction. We are talking about results. A recent survey concluded Ford makes the best built American cars. The survey measured owner-reported problems during the first three months of ownership of 1983 cars designed and built in the U.S. And that construction compares to 1984.

*Based on EIA Interior Volume Index.

Have you driven a Ford... lately?



See Dealer Service Card and page 73



DOCUMENTARY

Esquire

Men and Their Money: The Passion of the Eighties

If FREUD

by Sonny Kleinfield

were alive today,
he wouldn't be
writing about sex.
He'd be writing
about money

coming years at the same rate as they are suffering in their mid-life years, they are beginning to crave security.

To a generation reared on unprecedented prosperity by parents who they felt were too rigid about postponing pleasure, everything became a justified expense. They lost a money path to the stores, buying more and saving less than any other generation before them. Marketers encouraged them to live their dreams of the moment, and they did.

Not surprisingly, an abrupt swing away from self-indulgence in the Sixties to postponed and restrained pleasures in the Seventies has taken its toll on this generation. It has manifested itself in many ways—relationship tensions, identity problems, and questionings of self-worth—so much so that it is a good bet that if Freud were alive today, he'd be writing about money instead of sex.

THE OTHER BARBARIAN FEAR of Kundera, Siegel & White—the most popular place for marketers to turn to in order to read the results of the American consumer—charts out the annual *Forbes* *Money* a stark compendium based on

SONNY KLEINFIELD is a writer for *The New York Times*. His book *The Traders* was published in January by Bantam Doubleday.

Black in the Series, when occupying buildings was a hobby, money was so nothing to be scorned—sometimes even burned. By the Seventies a lot of the ideological baggage had been dropped, and the generation that came of age in the Sixties had succumbed to the heat of spending lavishly on consumer comforts.

Now, as members of the baby-boom generation move into their thirties and forties, taking on the responsibilities of family, homes, and debts, they not only have become more aware of money, but they have also become more preoccupied and dominated by it than anyone would have ever predicted. Approaching their peak,

Joseph will take hold. He noted that more consumers have recently been reporting progress in their personal financial situation than at any time during the last five years. They also have become more willing to use their savings to invest in real estate, and to purchase new cars and other big-ticket items.

To fully grasp what's going on, it is instructive to glance at some interesting

numbers that reflect what's happening with age distribution in this country. Fenton Linder, executive director of the consumer research center at the Conference Board in New York, looks ahead. "In the Seventies what you had was a very significant increase in the number of people in the large amount of young people coming into the marketplace. They were at the lower portion of the income scale. This affected

the whole spending/having circumstances. What we're going to experience in the Eighties is a tremendous amount of people in the thirty-five-to-fifty-four age bracket. The people in that bracket will grow by about forty-five percent, while the overall population will grow only six or seven percent in the Eighties. These are the major spending years of the life cycle. If we when your needs are changing dramatically,

\$24,250 FLIRTING WITH DEBT

WILLIAM TORDEN
Scranton, Pennsylvania



Scranton's Bill Torden has faith enough to support the family and to leave some cash over for his children's education, retirement, vacation, and health-care bills.

William "Bill" Torden lives with his wife, Barbara, and their two sons, William III, nine, and Thomas John ("T.J."), five, in Scranton, Pennsylvania, the town in which he was born. He's a graduate of the University of Scranton and Scranton Technical High School, where for 18 years he has been an English teacher and coach of the football and softball teams. For teaching he earns \$30,660, for coaching \$14,680. He gets a contracted rate of \$150 per cent yearly. Between that and his wife's salary of \$29,750 as a third-grade teacher, the Tordens live comfortably but always a little in debt. About three financial years ago, "We're never going to starve to death, but we're certainly not going to be vacationing in Monte Carlo too often either."

The Tordens live one block from Scranton's main drag, Route 61. They built their three-bedroom split-level house next to Bill's parents' house twelve years ago for \$24,500, of which they financed \$18,000 at 9 1/2% new mortgage, \$43,000 to \$47,000. Monthly mortgage payments are \$226. Other monthly bills include \$110 for electricity, \$20 for phone, \$20 for water and sewer, and \$15 for cable TV.

Bill covets an expensive Honda—\$2219 a month for rent, taxes and \$120 in tax shelters (then which he earns \$400 a year). He pays for health insurance at work and spends \$400 a year on extra life insurance for Barbara and himself.

They spend about \$60 a week on food, including \$20 on hamburger, chicken, pork, bacon, and sausage, \$30 on

soft soap, \$4 on vegetables, \$2 each on fruit, bread, cookies, and juice, and \$1.25 on milk. They drive a 1980 Ford Fiesta, a 1984 Dodge Omni four payments out for \$225 a month, and a 1981 Honda 600 motorcycle (\$265 a month), which Bill rides around town while wearing one of his two newest leather jackets (\$390). Repairs for the family vehicles have run \$300 annually and gas costs \$230.

The Tordens spent about \$200 on each household item as new curtains and paint in 1983, reducing the kitchen this year to just around \$1,300. In the fall, weekend entertainment three Saturdays out of four in attendance at a local ball game that Bill coaches, is followed by drinks with his wife at Cooper's Steak House. He drinks Jack Daniel's and beer and also orders Greenbushes.

The Torden like to entertain. A Christmas party is a regular event (1983), as are football parties. They have a backyard pool in the summer (1983). About \$400 more goes to other parties throughout the year. The largest celebration they hosted was for Barbara's brother and was attended by fifty people. Another dinner was served and they played cards from Bill's extensive collection on which he works \$200 a year, but "no one dined."

Bill is a clubbable. Besides his leather jacket he recently spent \$450 on two suits. His yearly clothing expenditure is \$4,000. He spends \$2,000 on gifts, including, last year, an \$800 fur coat for his wife.

About \$1,000 a year goes toward leisure entertainment, which consists of one movie and one walk concert a year and many Saturday evenings shopping at the mall. The family also regularly goes spends about \$40 a week, taking the

children about \$80 annually each three times a week to the water at nearby El Morro. (If he made more money, he and his wife like to sit in St. Maure.) He bought new shoes about last year for \$200 and subscribes to *Life* magazine (\$8). He also subscribes to *News* week, \$62, *Playboy*, \$26, *Macleod and Pym*, \$48, and spends \$10 a year on books. "They took very summer vacations in 1983. He and his wife went to Thousand Islands in New York for three days, which cost \$1,000. They paid \$300 a night for the room, \$200 for air conditioning, \$1,300 for food on "self-aiding" (that's the \$90-a-night dinner) [that all the meals you don't get to eat during the year]."

On their sons, the Tordens spend \$1,400 on clothing, \$300 on education (they attend public school), \$294 on medical costs, \$700 on the orthodontist, and \$600 on toys.

Though the Tordens spend money in five places around the city, Bill isn't afraid of living frugal. Being a public employee means job security, though not much chance of living it up, he says. "Obviously, when choosing this profession, I was blind to the financial considerations. I honestly was very, very idealistic. I had several teachers in school and culture, who'd done a lot to help me and decided to attain the line."

His attitude toward money is to have enough to live comfortably. Finances are not a topic of contention between him and his wife, although, he says, "my desires for motorcycles and new clothes like to raise an eyebrow sometimes." If his income dropped, Bill says, he'd do without his toys. But if, by chance, his income increased dramatically, he wouldn't do anything extravagant. "I'd probably pay things off and buy more leather jackets."



The Rockwellman made his \$24,250 a week to watch the children he loves on it. Of the month, he's made just over \$1,000 on his own and spent more than \$1,000 on his family.

Jim Rockwellman runs a small auto loan business—Durrango Motors—in the small Colorado town of Durango. He pays himself an annual salary of \$32,000 and is very careful how he spends it. "We live a simple life-style," he says—"it's frugal and family-oriented."

Rockwellman came to Durango in 1985 to attend Fort Lewis College, and after graduation got a job as a sales clerk at Freeman House. Nine years later, when his boss decided to shut the store, Jim bought it for about \$300,000, using his house as collateral.

He now works a fifteen-hour week, and his salary is the minimum in

which he feels that he, his wife, and three small children can live. The loan payments on his store (which are \$4,000 a month) and include payments toward his car (and are what keep him frugal).

The Rockwellmans live on three acres of land in a three-bedroom wooded house that Jim had custom built in 1977 for \$52,000, and which has since almost quadrupled in value. The monthly mortgage payments are \$287. He spends \$400 a year on snow removal and gravel for the dirt road that leads to the house.

Rockwellman's tastes aren't frugal. He doesn't wear frugal, everyday pants and

\$32,000 THE SIMPLE LIFE

JIM ROCKWELLMAN
Durango, Colorado



work shoes, and doesn't spend more than \$300 a year on clothes for himself, usually buying them out of season or on sale. Besides, he has plenty of shoes, most of his expenditures are for running the family about \$2,000 a year for food (they eat simple, meat-and-potatoes kinds of meals) and about \$4,000 a year on season expenditures for his children (\$2,000 for clothes, \$1,500 for one daughter's private Catholic school and the younger one's private preschool, \$400 on his oldest child's lessons). The family medical costs are generally about \$600 a year, through the store, Jim pays \$190 a month for their health insurance and \$250 for his \$150,000 life insurance policy. On his wife, a housekeeper, pays \$307 a month for her \$30,000 policy. The family rarely takes vacations, because Rockwellman feels that he needs to be at the store six days a week (eventually he will be hiring a manager to get himself some freedom). Their last vacation was a ten-day trip to California in 1985, for which they spent \$1,500.

The Rockwellmans entertain about five times a year, usually inviting another couple over for a barbecue, they spend about \$500 this year in 1983. Though they've hosted an annual Christmas party for thirty guests, which cost them \$500, they stopped this in order to save money when their son-born Rockwellman came back out every week and dealer out once a week, averaging \$4.50 per meal. He spends about \$50 a year to college high school and college.

Rockwellman's tastes aren't frugal. He doesn't wear frugal, everyday pants and

subscriptions (he doesn't generally buy books), and he goes to the movies four or five times a year. Each year he spends \$100 on his home supply of Cans Light beer and Cascade Club whisky. In 1983 he spent \$200 on gifts, the major purchase was a ring, which he bought for his wife's birthday.

Rockwellman usually drives a 1976 Chevy four-wheel-drive pickup truck. His wife drives a 1982 Subaru four-wheel-drive station wagon, and the family also has a 1980 Chevy compact van and a 1981 Kubota tractor with a snow blade. Jim keeps a Model A Ford in a shed behind the store, he bought it when he was fifteen years old and is refurbishing it.

Rockwellman's income is supplemented by the \$18,000 that he earns annually on daily money-market funds and utility stocks and bonds (he has invested \$200,000 in high-tech stocks in 1982). He normally keeps about \$10,000 in his account account—he doesn't feel that he makes enough to make a monthly deposit into the account—and \$400 in his checking account. Often Rockwellman will better goods from his store for the services of workers on his store, for example, in exchange for the work on his house (he has a planned checking account). If he were making \$20,000 more a year right now, Rockwellman says, he would no longer have to spend most of his time, time chopping wood for his house (he has a wood machine) which he does now in order to save the \$200 a month it would take to heat the house with an electric furnace. He'd use that money on his first-time home time with his family.

about that next mortgage payment and buying that next car and getting loans on your life's teeth."

That whopper of a mortgage that Linder talked about paid a shock on the protracted abandonment of the savings ethic. For more than a decade the country's personal-savings rate—the ratio of personal savings to after-tax income—has been declining. The combination of inflation, tax increases, and high interest rates has meant that Americans were better off buying with borrowed money than saving. So many people became so-called deadbeats. They spent

You're going back, being a young teacher to be a father."

Linder asked through a means of statistical tables and showed out some numbers to illustrate the importance of this. "The average household income when you move from the under twenty-five age group to twenty-five-to-thirty-four increases by twenty-five percent. When you go to thirty-five-to-fifty-four, income increases by forty-eight percent. Then you go to fifty-five to sixty-four and it declines by seven percent, as people begin to pick up some retired pay. So, if you get older you get more real estate. If you're thirty-two you're worried

So, as you can see, you make a very strong plan when you move to the thirty-five-to-fifty-four group. Those are the expensive years. In the decade of the Eighties you're going to have a very rapid rise in the expensive phase."

Linder observed that the level of confidence about money varies with age. Interestingly, confidence about the world declines with age. The young are full of beans and are quite optimistic. Every time we ask them about the future. That tends to taper off as you get beyond thirty-two or so. As you get older you get more realistic. If you're thirty-two you're worried

more than they actually earned. "I talked to a lot of people between thirty and forty about setting up an Individual Retirement Account, and I find very few of them able to save," said Don Wright, tax partner in charge of personal financial planning at Arthur Andersen in Philadelphia, the macroeconomist accounting firm.

"They're razzing very hard to break even. I don't talk with someone who is leaving the firm for a twenty-five percent pay increase even though he knows that in two or three years he'd be making more here than at his new job. He needs the quick fix right now."

Wright continued, "If I were talking to a thirty-year-old son prospect, we would be talking for the first time about making a significant investment toward future wealth. It might be a duplex or a second property or an investment in the stock market. I'm not leaving that kind of conversation until the day. They don't leave the books. I thought the IRA, which is the greatest thing since sliced bread, was going to be a panacea for accumulating wealth. It's not been true yet for this generation. They're going to be five years or six years behind making their first wealth investment. They're just starting to make their first money to invest. They don't have it."

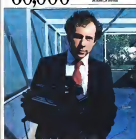
It is not surprising that one of the most heavily promoted commodities today is money itself. The new speculative interest and the idea for the hedge fund are being responded to by money brokers with a plethora of investment vehicles. It used to be that you were a sucker if you didn't buy diamonds, but because your money was going neither away otherwise, now you're a sucker if you don't invest in something that will make your money multiply.

Never before have there been so many juicy opportunities for investment: IRAs, Keoghs, tax-free bond trusts, mutual funds, zero-coupon bonds, money market funds, CDs, real estate partnerships. The choices are available only to those with Rockefeller-like wealth.

As Richard Corbin pointed out, "We have a government telling the baby boom generation that if you expected Social Se-

\$60,000 SENSIBLE SPENDERS

MAXIM SCHNEIDER



Maxim Schneider's financial philosophy is to go steady, but to a steady state able to handle some of the trials of his success—Married, a dad, and his nine cars.

MAXIM SCHNEIDER lives in the exclusive Pine to South of Miami, where his is not the only Mercedes in the neighborhood. He admits he is, too. Right, bought that \$68,000 three-bedroom home, which has a pool, last year and is putting the finishing touches on their redecoration, pouring about \$12,000 on additions, landscaping, and home improvements.

His \$60,000-a-year income last year from his own CPA firm gave him the luxury of spending \$500 on a custom-made suit and \$4,574 on a home-alarm system and other appliances, such as two exercise bikes, a portable videocassette recorder, and a portable TV for his two-week-a-year old son, Jesse.

With Schneider's income buttressed by an additional

\$12,000 annually from rental property in Miami and Vancouver and up to \$5,000 from gift of a gross they own in Miami, his family leads a comfortable life within its means. They own no debts outside of their mortgage and auto payments and claim they will go on debt only for an investment. They pay \$1,250 a month in mortgage payments, \$200 a month for his 1986 Mercedes, and \$271 for his 1981 Volvo.

Food costs to \$80 a week, and their yearly clothing bills total \$1,200. Utility bills total \$200 a month. Nursery school for Jesse is another \$750, the car gets paid \$25 a week, the partner gets \$30 every two weeks and the baby-sitting bill totals \$20 per month. This year they crested \$2,500 in

stock while maintaining a \$60,000 balance in their savings account and \$2,000 in their checking.

Since the birth of their son, the Schneiders have hardly traveled at all, and the couple entertains at home very rarely. Last year Martin gave Jesse a \$1,000 Rolex watch. He spent \$550 to join a health and racquetball club and another \$238 on so-so computer equipment. The couple spent about \$380 on bunkover books and about \$750 on clothes.

Much of Schneider's success is due to his careful analysis of investments and his use of leverage (including many of his auto costs, traveling, health insurance, and some entertaining). Still, he does not consider himself to be a "rich" man. "If I had two hundred thousand in disposable income after taxes, I would consider that to be pretty wealthy," he says. And if he got a \$20,000-a-year raise, "I would think that change his life," Max at all, he says.

"I would probably buy another piece of real estate and send up in the hole with that," Yet Schneider is optimistic that in ten years he will be even wealthier. "My philosophy is to go slow and let my assets develop naturally," he says. "I don't want to make any rash, large number of investments that I know come with a lot of risk as I have. I expect to double, perhaps triple my assets."

For now, Schneider feels he has attained the professional, financial, and social status he desires. That should help pull some car surprises on him, Martin Schneider believes, he could survive with much less money. "I could live without my Mercedes. I could even my golf club," he says. "And we could even live in a life-style where we chuck it all and move to Tahiti if we have to."

seems that people in their thirties are the target group for lenders. "They're the developing segment. They're building assets, gaining power, growing incomes for tomorrow." When I asked him what was doing with money, he voiced an opinion shared by many lenders: "We're the pick ups to right people. I think it would be far to say, we've seen increased borrowings in the consumer market. There's an apparent perception by the consumer that their condition to borrow is better. There there's

the fact that there are good deals out there. You see it at banks and financial institutions with loan rates—reduced fees, reduced interest rates."

Heidi profiled today's borrower: "Compared to the borrower of five or ten years ago, he is more sophisticated. The educational process has produced a borrower who is very cognizant of interest rates and of payment schedules. With the increased competition, he is out there shopping around for the best deal."

Bank of America had also missed out seven hundred thousand pre-approved certificates good for \$20,000 or \$30,000 loans for a new-car purchase. The bank used a rating list house and a credit-rating agency to arrive at lists likely to be good risks, and out went the certificates. All you had to do was buy a car and the loan was yours.

As this generation invests its money it does so in a slower and more aggressive manner than its parents did. Just as it attacks life, it attacks investments. Paul McMath is the manager of the commercial investment division of the Century 21 Commercial real estate agency in Greenwood Village, Colorado, just outside Denver. Part of the Century 21 network, the country's largest real estate operation, Commercial tracks up more investment business than any other Century 21 franchise.

"We see two trends," McMath said. "One is that fewer and fewer people have the capital to buy houses. The other is that fewer people are buying houses to live in. The latest ratio I heard was that thirty-eight percent of single-family houses and condominiums are owned for rental. That should go on toward fifty percent by the year 2000."

Most of the people that McMath is selling investment, however, are you guessed it—someone in their thirties. "The thing is the net benefits and investment possibilities," he explained. "They're fairly sophisticated. They're forming partnerships to pool their resources. Typically they start with two or three partners, and if it's pleasing they might move into multifamily dwellings and even an office building. It's a way of accumulating wealth. The thing is, these people have enough capital in the economy that they're willing to take their money out of liquid investments and go with something that is longer-term to accumulate wealth. You can get in with five or ten thousand dollars and buy a property and between the rental income and the tax benefit, cover the entire debt. The beauty about real estate is you can leverage ninety percent or ninety-five percent of the purchase price and get the tax benefit on the full amount. These folks know their things. They're smart people."

War the baby boomers' think about money is relevant, because their collective purchasing power has the capacity to propel a product to a dad. After all, where were



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Diary of a Newborn Father

BY BOB GREENE

He knew the baby would change his life.
But he hadn't counted on becoming a different person

JUNE 22: The nurse carried her back to Susan and said, "Here's your baby." Susan held Amanda Sue against her chest. Dr. Charles came around and shook my head. "The problem with the heart came from a low-lying placenta," he said. "It was pressing against the baby, and that's why the heart slowed down. I almost decided to do a cesarean three times. Ten years ago I would have had to, but these new fetal monitors are so sophisticated—the monitor told me that the baby was breathing back every time, so I knew it would be all right to go ahead."

I didn't say anything. I could feel myself shaking.

"You think this was bad," Dr. Charles said. "Wait until she goes to her first date. Now, that's bad. My own daughter. I tell her to be in at two o'clock, and the next, 'Dad, what can I do at one or two in the morning that I couldn't do at ten at night if I wanted to?'"

That was bizarre. We were standing there laughing at the doctor's story, and then I set away Amanda lay cradling against my wife's chest. Susan looked up at me and let out a long breath. And then, for the first time, I reached down and touched my daughter.

People talk about the emotions that come when a baby is born: exuberance, relief, gladness, pure ecstasy. The thought that you have seen a miracle in front of your eyes.

I knew I was supposed to be the top of those things, and of course, I did. But the dominant emotion inside me was a more basic one. I was scared. Scared of what I knew

was sure to come, and more scared about what I didn't know. I am of a generation that has made itself indistinguishable from a kind of secular religion. I looked down at that baby, and suddenly I felt that a whole part of my life had just ended, been cut off, and I was beginning something for which I had no preparation.

That's what went through me as I watched my baby enter the world: a sense of loss unlike any I have felt in my life. Fear that spring from the place where the greatest losses have always loomed: fear of the totally unknown.

JUNE 23: I slept fitfully. Alone in the apartment, I kept waking up with a nagging feeling that there was something I should remember. I was grumpy from the long day before. It took me several seconds to recall what it was. Amanda had been born. They woke and stood at the crib, trying to comprehend it.

I had called my parents and Susan's parents within half an hour of the birth. Now, the morning after, I took time to phone other people I wanted to know. Most of my friends don't have children; their words of congratulations were mixed with a genuine sense of confusion and wonder. Their questions about what it had been like were elementary, not caustic: this was virgin territory for them as well as for me, and suddenly they were addressing me

Bob Greene's *America's Best column* appears monthly in *Esquire*. This is an excerpt from *Good Morning, Merry Sunshine: A Father's Journal of His Child's First Year*, to be published in May by Atheneum.



FATHER AND CHILD
The author and Amanda Sue Greene

as I was with the expectant wife ready to deliver. It was as if, in the last twenty-four hours, I had become a different person. They were asking me things about being a father that they wouldn't have thought to ask just one day before. I told them that I was too new at it to know anything for all that had changed overnight, the fact remained that Amanda was still less than one day old.

She had microscopic fingernails and a screaming, lung-bubbling howl and tiny reflexes of a newborn child's hands. I stared down at Amanda, she lay in a see-through bassinet in Room 306 of Michael Reese Hospital.

Susan was in bed next to the crib. A document had arrived with Amanda's vital statistics. The piece of paper said that she weighed six pounds fifteen ounces at birth and was twenty and one-half inches long.

"She can't be that long," I said.

"Of course she is," Susan said.

"My children's only sixteen inches long, and she isn't as long as the column," I said. I wrote my newspaper column on a computer-generated video display terminal, and then as a measuring function in the upper right-hand corner of the screen that tells me how long the story is. When it reaches sixteen inches, the column is finished.

There was a Chicago Tribune lying on a chair in the hospital room. I picked it up and carried it over to Amanda's crib. I unfolded the paper and opened it to my column. I reached in and placed it next to Amanda. She was, indeed, a little longer than that day's effort.

"Well, she looks shorter," I said.

Susan held her in. She had been doing it all her life. When she handed Amanda to me, I felt like I was trying to balance twenty crystal globes in my fingers. Every time the baby moved I thought I was going to drop her. I didn't see how anyone ever gets used to this.

Amanda started crying. I leaned over the crib and said, "Shhh, Helen."

Helen is my cat.

A moment for the memory:

Susan had her own room, there were two beds, but the other one wasn't occupied. Amanda had drifted off to sleep, and Helen, exhausted from the past twenty-four hours, was taking a nap.

I took my shoes off and climbed up onto the other bed. And in the middle of the afternoon, for the first time, the three of us fell asleep together.

I imagine I'm going to realize all of this through the little things that happen. Late in the afternoon, after my resting hours were over, I was back down again. I was walking up the street, and a woman next to me was pushing a little baby in a stroller.

"How old is that baby?" I asked.

I WILL HATE MYSELF IF I GIVE UP ANY OF THE PROFESSIONAL DRIVE THAT HAS ALWAYS CONSUMED ME, BUT ALREADY I FEEL MYSELF CHANGING. THIS IS GOING TO BE VERY DIFFICULT.

"Fifteen months," she said. I have never asked that question before in my life.

June 15: I have been wondering what this is going to do to my analysis. How does being a pathologically sensitive person, it is probably the one quality that defines me most clearly. All my life I have been running off in a storm, don't you know, but I have never been any question that I was really to go anywhere on a moment's notice.

I am under contract to ABC News Nightline, which on April 1 went out on one notice for the show. In the year previous to that—I was first-year working for the broadcast—I did thirty-two pieces. This is in addition to my newspaper and feature columns.

But on the month before the baby was due, I had asked not to travel for the show. I knew that I am in no emotional condition to leave Susan and Amanda alone in the immediate future, but how long can this become half? What's going to happen the first time the phone rings and it's Nightline telling me to meet a camera crew at the airport? I'm going to lose the same person I've always been. I have to live on the run—just as the last forty-eight hours I haven't been able to sit at rest, to a silent phone for more than three minutes without checking the hospital and seeing how Susan and Amanda are doing.

I see then this is a dilemma that new fathers have faced over the ages. But this doesn't make it any less new to me. I will be myself if I give up any of the professional drive that has always consumed me. But already I feel myself changing. This is going to be very difficult.

My first triumph: Amanda had been nursing, and she apparently had some gas, she

started to cry, hard, and Susan couldn't make her stop.

I leaned over and started whispering to her and wringing her head. She looked up at me and I kept whispering. And she stayed silent.

Amazing. Forty-eight hours ago she hadn't even been born.

June 16: I took Susan and Amanda home to the apartment today. Susan immediately got into bed, put Amanda in a portable cradle, and he got to get settled in.

The cat crept slowly into the room. Helen has always been a semipsychotic cat, we got her declawed a month ago out of fear of what she would do to a baby. She regularly bites at Susan's leg as she walks around the apartment, and we had no idea what she would do to someone who was more nearly her own size.

The jury is still out. She snooted at the foot of the bed and purred at Amanda, letting out hisses and meows and generally letting it be known that she realized there was a stranger in the house. This I don't need.

During a woman's pregnancy, a man is sort of oblivious to how it has taken over her life. Your colleagues are aware that you are expecting a child, but they don't let it get in the way of the work routine.

Today, though, Susan asked me to go to the grocery store where she usually stops to pick up some sandwiches for lunch. I did, as soon as I walked in, the man behind the meat counter said, "Take it this evening she had her baby." Some other woman who was shopping said, "Susan had her baby?" But, the whisper, called from behind the cash register. "Hey or girl."

When I told him, the butcher overhead and said, "I lost my bet."

In the nine months of her pregnancy, I had never been in here, it had never seemed like it was that the news meant anything to anyone outside our own home. But of course, everywhere a pregnant woman goes she is advertising the coming event. That's over now, I imagine I'll be a regular at Dad's grocery in the days ahead.

June 18: It doesn't matter how many books you read before your baby arrives; nothing gets you ready for that night when you're left at the hospital and alone, and she's crying and won't stop, and you're holding her against you while her screams rock your chest.

We passed Amanda back and forth. Susan was gleefully upset. We know that on paper it was not unusual for a newborn to cry frenziedly, that he had been hospitalized and been perfect, she would eat and then drift off to sleep, with only a minute or two of crying now and then.

Tonight she was howling from midnight to dawn. In a cartoon it's funny to see an overworked baby looking wild, when it's happening to you for the first time,

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"Amanda already has three babies," I said. "She doesn't even know what they are. She can't read another baby!"

"That this model has a music box," Susan said.

"The model over Amanda's crib has a music box," I said.

"But this music box plays for two minutes without rewinding," Susan said.

And sometimes I think the parts of having a baby that are entirely irrelevant are overtaking her.

"Would you cut off your right arm for Amanda?" Susan asked.

"Come on," I said.

"No," she said. "Would you cut off your right arm for her?"

"I'm not going to talk about it," I said.

"Just answer," she said. "Would you?"

"I told you, I said 'I'm not going to talk about it.'"

"I can't believe it," she said. "You wouldn't cut off your right arm for Amanda."

SUMMER 2001 I have never been a person who is very responsible about money. I know how much I make a year, but I don't take very good care of my money. I let Susan handle the checkbook and all of the household finances.

Amanda seems to be changing my attitude a little bit. I got home from work today, and Susan said, "Do you have a check for us?"

That sounds entirely different from the old "Do you have a check for me?" "Do you have a check for me?" meant exactly what it sounded like—she was asking if it was paying. It was, she wanted to deposit the check in the bank.

But now the money issue is carried over for taking care of Amanda. I know I'm not the only new father who feels this way, a man like others do tell me that for the first time in his life he's really working at night wondering if he had enough money to sleep. The reason was that he has a new daughter.

I think a lot of us are part of a generation that, almost as a principle, tried to downplay the importance of money. It represented all the little weight that society placed on things that weren't, in themselves, very important.

Now it all seems different. The amount of money I am able to put away seems to be coming down to the level of I will be able to provide for Amanda. Who will undoubtedly grow up knowing the idea of placing value on money.

NOVEMBER 2001 I got a call from an old friend. He said that someone we had known well in high school had just had a heart attack and was in the hospital.

The man in question was a year behind us in school. That makes him thirty-four now. This is a first for me. I have never known anyone younger than me who had a heart attack.

BEFORE AMANDA WAS BORN, I HAD A ROMANTIC NOTION ABOUT MY OWN MORTALITY. IT JUST DIDN'T MATTER THAT MUCH TO ME. NOW I WONDER ABOUT THE PACE AT WHICH I LIVE.

It seems like recently. Before Amanda was born, I always had a kind of romantic notion about my own mortality. It just didn't matter that much to me. If I lived well, the length of my life was not that important a factor. I used to joke about it. I said that I was a believer in the Elvin Presley Theory of a Normal Human Life Span: forty-two and out.

Now, though, I wonder about the pace at which I live: too much food eaten too quickly, not enough exercise, high-pressure city existence. I don't want the romantic vision anymore. Susan and Amanda need me to be around. I think about my old friend lying in the hospital. I can't imagine him at forty-two. When I think about him, it is as a junior high school.

That's my main problem. When I think about myself, it's as if I'm a junior in high school. You. It's time to stop.

DECEMBER 12 We were invited to Neil and Linda Weiner's home for Sunday brunch. The Weiners are the couple we became friendly with during Laramie class. Linda and their new baby had been over to see Susan and Amanda once, but we had not all been together since the babies had been born.

It was interesting, at Laramie class we had been four serious, uptight people, not having the vaguest idea of what lay ahead of us. Now there were six. I held Amanda and Neil held Shamus, and the babies made evolutionary gestures at one another, and everything seemed a lot calmer than it had been then.

At the afternoon was so I noticed an antithetical emotion in myself. Shamus is about a month older than Amanda, but she is clearly more than one month more "advanced." She's crawling like a turtle, and she's grabbing the sides of tables and pulling herself into a standing position—

things that are clearly way beyond Amanda right now.

And I found myself feeling competitive. I wanted Amanda to be as far along as the other baby. No matter that there is a wide range within which babies are considered "normal," no matter that none of this has any application at all to what the girls will be like when they are older.

The fact is, Susan and I have been talking ourselves that Amanda is extremely bright and advanced. Today we found out that at least this one baby is more than Amanda's coach in the preconscious department. As Amanda lay on the floor watching, and Shamus crawled headily across the room and focused herself into a standing position, I could just watch and be amazed at what I was feeling. I wanted Amanda to be doing better.

Something tells me that this may not be the perfect attitude.

DECEMBER 12 And then there are times when nothing could seem to be better.

After Susan changes Amanda's diapers, she always stays some extraordinary corner into her own hands. Today she had just finished with Amanda and was rubbing her hands together to soak in the cream.

Amanda started laughing like crazy. She looked at Susan, and she held up her own hands. It seemed to be obvious what she wanted.

So Susan got a little drop of cream on each of Amanda's palms. And Amanda, still laughing, began to rub her hands together, too.

I wonder if Shamus Weiner can do that?

DECEMBER 22 I have had some fairly dramatic New Year's Eves in my life. The one probably came nine years ago, when I was working as a performing member of the Alvin Cooper mad's roll band, doing research for a book about what it's like on the other side of the footlights. As midnight struck that night I stood onstage and watched an armada of drunken, dopey-up teenagers in Buffalo, New York, try to climb over barricades and fight past security guards in an effort to get to us.

Oh, well. Things change. Tonight we got out painted party hats and put them on, we put one on Amanda and pulled the elastic string underneath her chin so it would stay on. We gave her a toy horn to hold. And we took pictures of her first New Year's Eve celebration.

The excitement seemed to get to her: she dozed off earlier than usual, and we found ourselves, for once, with no frisky baby to deal with late at night. We planned to stay up to watch the various celebrations on television at midnight. We didn't make it; we were asleep by midnight.

I wonder what Alice Cooper did tonight?

JANUARY 12 This is the first time I've dreamed about her.



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I had to make a quick trip to Los Angeles. It was only that I was there overnight. And as I slept in my bed at the Century Plaza I had a vivid dream about Amanda. In the dream, Susan was carrying her, and I thought that she was holding her too loosely, and I tried to take her away. I don't know what that symbolizes; the dream was so real that when I woke up suddenly, it took me a few seconds to comprehend that it had not been real life.

It's not the symbolism of the dream that strikes me, however. It's the fact that Amanda was in my dream at all. In these months since she was born, for all the days and hours she has been on my mind, I do not recall dreaming about her at all. That's probably because she has been such a strong, strong presence in my life that she didn't belong in a dream, she was always in the forefront of my consciousness, and it has been my experience that I dream only about things that are in the back of my consciousness.

To be there—in the back of a person's consciousness—something must be accepted as a steady, evanescent part of that person's life. Something that's always present, whether the person is aware he's thinking about it or not. I guess that description now fits Amanda.

January 16: It turns out I'm not the only one who's dreaming.

When I got home, Susan told me about a dream she had had. She emphasized to me how strongly Amanda's presence in the world has changed her life and her view of herself. She produced it by saying it was a heavy dream, but it wasn't one of sad.

In the dream, Susan said, I had come to her and had told her that I was going to sell. I had told her that the buyer was for Betty West, a *Nightline* producer with whom I often work. Gladys calls the house all the time, but Susan has never met her. In Susan's dream, I had told her that Betty was to buy, with all of her traveling, that the never had any time to buy new clothes. Susan had a whole closetful of new business clothes; since she's been working anywhere, 75 said, why didn't she just give all of her clothes to Betty?

In the dream, Susan said, she had argued with me about it, but I had insisted. Susan didn't need the office clothes anymore, and Betty did, and Susan would have to give them to her. But what if the worst came to work tomorrow, Susan had asked in the dream. Then she could buy new clothes. I had said that with Amanda, she probably wouldn't be going back to work for quite a while, if at all.

In her dream, Susan had said to me, "All right. I'll give her the clothes. But I don't have to give her my peach blossom suit, do I?" That's my favorite.

And I had replied, "Yes. You don't need those clothes anymore. Betty has to get everything."

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I THINK THAT SUSAN AND I ARE NOT SO MUCH PARENTS AS AIR-TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS. WITH A PILOT WHO DROOLS AND WEARS PAJAMAS WITH FEET ATTACHED.

Susan finished telling me the story about the dream. I didn't know what to say. Amanda, on the floor, began to cry, and we went to her.

February 26: There is a story—perhaps apocryphal—about Jim Thorpe, the legendary old-time athlete.

According to the story, Thorpe, because he was known to be so much superior physical condition, was asked to take part in an experiment. Thorpe was supposed to get down on his hands and knees next to a growing baby. Everything the baby did, Thorpe was supposed to do. That's all. Simple.

The point of the story is that Thorpe allegedly grew up, weaned, after a few hours. The baby, though, kept right on going, oblivious to the strain.

I thought about that story later. Amanda was in an exasperated mood; she wanted all over the apartment, and just to test myself I got down on all fours and tried to do everything that she did.

Needless to say, I am far in Jim Thorpe's kind of shape. I didn't take long for her to exhaust me. All the stretching, the reaching up and down, all the rolling and sit crawling and arm bending—because she's so small, it doesn't seem all that impressive to watch. Until you try it. What a baby does in the course of a day is much a part of its adult life in traction.

March 2: "Come here," Susan called from the kitchen this morning.

I went in there. She was making herself a cup of coffee. The grinder was whirring away. And Amanda was in the floor, her mouth scrunched up, trying her best to reach like the coffee grinder.

"Is this the first time she's done that?" I said.

"She's been doing it for about a week,"

Susan said. "But this is the first time I'm sure that she's imitating the grinder. At first I thought it was just a coincidence."

"Are babies supposed to imitate coffee grinders?" I said.

"If you're using me as any of the books mentioned—no, they don't," Susan said.

March 5: The coffee grinder was one thing, but now she's trying to talk like the cat.

It's not unusual at all these days to find them chasing each other around the apartment. Actually, that's a little unfair to Helene; Helen has never done the chasing, only the running away. But Amanda is such a fast crawler now that it really has developed into a distress. Helene, when she could simply wait until Amanda had managed to crawl within a few feet of her, and then strait away in her leisure. Now Amanda is almost as fast as Helene, there are times when a helene has some sort of Saturday-morning catfight out our house.

And when Amanda finally does come face to face with Helene, the two of them, Helene moves in a high cat voice. Amanda, not knowing any better, meows back.

In this context, I said tonight, I was trying to watch the cows, and Amanda and Helene were over in the corner meowing at each other.

"I don't see how it could hurt anything," Susan said.

"I just didn't expect my daughter to think she's a cat," I said.

"I know," Susan said. "I think it has something to do with her being close to Helene's nose that's our sister. I think that's a very good thing."

Amanda looked over at me and meowed.

March 15: I did something today I never thought I'd do.

Susan went out shopping, and I stayed home with Amanda. While Susan was gone I got two calls, one from my friend Phil Galloway, and one from Herb Henson of ABC. Both were social calls; they just wanted to see how I was.

During the two calls I found myself saying, "Just a second...come here, Honey...no, you don't want to crawl over there...no, I'll be there in just a second...sorry, what were we saying?"

It's precisely the thing that used to annoy me about friends with small children—the automatic act of interrupting a phone conversation to talk to the baby. I always used to think it implied that the caller was somehow much less important than the baby. Which, of course, is undoubtedly true. And Amanda was in the floor, her mouth scrunched up, trying her best to reach like the coffee grinder.

"Is this the first time she's done that?" I said.

"She's been doing it for about a week,"

So Herb was telling me about a story he had produced out in Wyoming, and I said, "I'm sorry. I have to switch to the other phone, she's crawling into the bedroom." When I had closed her down and picked up the other line, Herb was still there. I apologized to him, but they seconds later I was changing her back the other way.

I still think it's a rude thing to do. But it's a necessary rude thing to do.

March 26: This is something I'm having trouble getting used to. I will be as bed reading a book or watching television, and I will look down at the foot of the bed—and there will be Amanda's head sticking back at me.

Apparently I have become one of the parents that fascinate her. So if she's in the living room with Susan and she hasn't seen me for a while, she will know that she can crawl into the bedroom and probably find me. And since she has reached the bed room, she knows that if she pulls herself up, her head will stick against over the level of the mattress—and then I'll be.

It's so strange. After months of having to go to her, now she is choosing to come to me. I don't know quite how to react. When she first started doing it, I would reach over and lift her up and put her on the bed with me. But she doesn't really want that, as soon as I do it, she generally tries to crawl away.

All I can figure is that she likes the idea of coming in and looking at me. She doesn't expect anything in return. I'll return her, and in a few minutes she'll decide she wants to be back on the living room, and all she'll crawl again.

It's a fairly simple arrangement. Still, though, I look over and she's there looking at me. I don't know. It's sort of hard to adjust to.

April 1: Starting early this morning, I walked her out on a column with the up coming Chicago national election. I had to go to the fourth floor of town to interview a man, then, once I got back down, I had several hours of phone checking to do. Midway through the afternoon the divided they wanted to go to the story on page 1, so I had to meet with the graphics people to explain to them what the story was about. There were some changes to be made after I had finished writing. It was well after dark before I was finished.

I was still hearing from the morning reporting and writing when I got home, all of the elements of the story were still knocking around my head.

And Susan said, "Amanda learned how to drink from a cup today."

Amanda was probably holding a plastic cup with a drink-spout around attached to it, while I had been doing the political story she had—like the first time—given up her bottle and tried to drink liquids the way she



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his seven Saus and one drink liquidly. It is something that, practically, she had never attempted. Today she did it, and she will be doing it for the rest of her life.

I went into the kitchen and noticed her. I realized that, for the first time, she involved in getting the laundry today, and for the first time I placed in confidence on that it would help, not to this it meant nothing. What Susan and Amanda had accomplished at home today was so much more important. I noticed Amanda drink from the cup and noticed she sat down.

Arms 27: There are times when I think that Susan and I are not so much parents as we are controllers.

With Amanda's constant movement around the apartment, we seem to do basically the same kind of work as controllers do. We each watch her while she is in our particular geographic area of responsibility, and when we see the is about to leave, we hand her over to her next person. "She's crawling out of the living room now; can you see her?" "Yes, she's just moving into the bedroom." "She's not in the kitchen anymore." "I've got her, she's crawling right past your bedroom."

Based on a 707 from the Denver to Chicago. With a pilot who drinks and wears pajamas with feet attached.

Arms 28: A symbolic moment. Susan brought Amanda into the room. Amanda was wearing a new outfit. She seems to be getting another new outfit every time I am around it since to see her dressed so well, but Susan knows that I think she is overdoing it.

"Amanda, Mom likes to dress you up for a Christmas tree," I said. Amanda laughed.

Her thinking, I turned to Susan. "You really do like to dress her up, don't you, Mom?" I said.

"What?... Oh, yes," said Susan with a smile. "I just said that you really like to dress her up," I said.

"I don't mean that," she said. "I mean what do you call me?"

"Call me?" I said.

"You just call me Mom," Susan said. I laughed. "I couldn't bare," I said. "I don't call you Mom."

"You just call me Mom," Susan said. "I couldn't bare," I said. "I don't call you Mom."

"You just call me Mom," Susan said. "I couldn't bare," I said. "I don't call you Mom."

"You just call me Mom," Susan said. "I couldn't bare," I said. "I don't call you Mom."

"You just call me Mom," Susan said. "I couldn't bare," I said. "I don't call you Mom."

finger, pointed it toward the mirror, and moved it, and it was touching her collection.

"No," she said. "I couldn't believe it."

"No," she said, jolting the finger against the mirror today.

"That's right," Susan said. She was standing in the doorway. "You're a baby."

Susan pointed at the mirror image of me. "And who's that?" she said.

"No," Amanda said. "No," my my.

May 28: They came to see me at my office again today. On Amanda's previous visits, I picked her up out after carriage at her studio and walked around the grounds with her. But today Susan took her out of the studio, got her on the floor, and let her crawl around and explore.

It was so disorienting. Here's the room where I work every day—the one place that I can go to and do with my home life. And all of a sudden, Amanda is pulling herself up to the keyboard of my voice display terminal; Amanda is sitting underneath my desk and looking up at me, Amanda is getting into her own indication in the glass.

She stayed for only a few minutes, she was busy, and Susan said it was time for her nap. But the change had already happened. Now, as well as being a part of the rest of my life, Amanda is part of my office, too. I'll never be able to walk in there again without thinking of her crawling around the floor.

May 29: She walked.

I was supporting her in an upright, standing position, she was chatting into my hands with her own fists. She was balanced on her feet.

Silently, I lifted her fingers so that she wasn't connected to my hands anymore. She didn't fall, she was standing on her own. It took her a while.

She started to bend her knees, as if she wanted to get down and crawl. "No, Amanda," I said. "Come here. Come to me."

I was perhaps five feet away. She looked me right in the eye.

"Come to me," I said. She lifted her right leg and moved it forward. She still didn't fall.

"That's great," I said. "Now the other one."

She lifted her left leg—really lifted it, much higher than she needed to—and brought it level with the right leg.

"A little better," I said.

She brought the right leg forward again. This—much quicker this time—the left.

There was a combination of fear and excitement in her eyes. She stepped forward one more time with her right leg and then left into my arms. We just stayed there hugging each other. ☺

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The Times We Are Living In

Everybody in this issue you will find a discussion of how men spend their money. It is, of course, fascinating to us to find out what they do. But I think it's sometimes even more useful—and more difficult—to consider what kind of time we are living in. That kind of perception can lead to career and investment decisions that influence the "supply side," the money side, and make the spending side a pleasurable experience rather than an anxious one.

Here is a small but specific example of the benefits of knowing what kind of a time one is in.

In the mid-1980s I had a friend, James Gillespie, who was a housing economist and a professor of management. I went to his house in west Los Angeles one Saturday afternoon. Jim was sitting in the sun in his shorts with sheets of figures around him. He asked me if I knew the going rate for long-term, fixed-rate mortgages. I said I thought it was somewhere around 6 percent, maybe less.

"I think the demands for credit are going to go up," he said, which is the kind of comment economists usually make. But the next sentence startled me.

"I think we will never again see a non-competitive mortgage interest rate," he said. "So if you are going to buy a house, you better buy it now," he said, "because eventually there may not even be any fixed-rate mortgages."

If you bought a house with a 6 percent mortgage, you insured yourself of an investment worth many years of earnings. If you bought an office building, you were certainly a millionaire. If you bought the other buildings, you were somewhere on the Forbes list of richest Americans.

With one perception I had that every ten years, you won't have to worry about how you spend your money.

Now, you did not have to be a housing economist to perceive that inflation was its way—or he is only with that perception as was Jim Gillespie. We all seek to maximize our earnings, to increase our pay or commissions or whatever. But one California house bought in 1969 with a 6 percent mortgage outweighs, on a financial scale, many years' worth of earnings.

What kind of time do we live in now? I asked this question of Peter Drucker, who has been an astute observer of business and practices for many years. A professor of social science and business administration at Claremont Graduate School, Drucker has written twenty books and has been an adviser to governments and managements around the world.

"The next wave," he said, "is entrepreneurship. People think of Silicon Valley and high tech when they think of entrepreneurs, but high tech is the smallest part of the picture. Entrepreneurs have created more jobs in this country in the last ten years than have been created in the country's history. All of the new jobs have come from new companies—the Fortune 500 didn't add any job."

I asked what distinguished an entrepreneur from a manager.

"An entrepreneur is an innovator. He sees a gap. And, more recently, he has been doing what they said couldn't be done: applying management techniques to selling and marketing businesses—restaurants, bookshops, new magazines. Today's entrepreneurs seem to lack management by omission. The younger generation has a bad back-life-style, but they are willing to work twenty hours a day, to risk their marriages."

"Why are we seeing this burst of entrepreneurship now?"

"Partly demographics. The people born in the baby boom go to work at big companies—General Electric, IBM, the Bank of America—and they find the pipelines

are filled by people ahead of them who are only a couple of years older. The previous generation at the same age found a vacuum ahead of it—at twenty-eight, they might have had a boss who was thirty-five. Now you might be thirty and have a boss who is thirty-three. So they strike out on their own, this current generation. And then, money—capital for investment—is easier to get, because investors have seen the results of successful entrepreneurship.

"Entrepreneurship can be learned but it can't be taught, he schools are not much good. You need a college degree because everybody has one and you need one to get started. You need some fifth-grade skills, like accounting and computers. The important lessons for entrepreneurs are how to build a team and how to have enough cash. Cash flow is what matters, watching your cash, projecting your cash needs so you don't have to go to the bank."

I asked Drucker what kind of economy he thought we would have in 1990, what kind of a time we are living in.

"I think we are now going to see in production what we have always seen in financing. You know that agriculture once used ninety percent of the labor force, and now it only uses four percent. I think manufacturing will go down to the same level—perhaps we will have four percent of the work force in blue-collar jobs in twenty years. We can automate half of what remains of America's industry."

"Does this mean the management end of production is a good place to be?"

"I think we have the best opportunity in manufacturing since 1945. Look, these things go in waves, it cycles. Before 1945 all the engineering schools sent their best people to the railroads. After World War I even dumb engineers didn't want to work for the railroads, and the railroads went steadily downhill. Now the railroads are

back in the driver's seat. The money game, Supermoney, Power of Money, and Power Money,

ILLUSTRATION BY ADAM SMITH



coming back, they are highly automated, highly concentrated, and they are going to be well managed and they are going to attract able young people.

"People with backgrounds in combination of engineering and management are going to be in high demand, because the labor force is going to diminish. If we require a million workers to produce eight million cars, in ten or fifteen years we may require only one hundred fifty thousand workers for the same eight million cars."

"Do you think entrepreneurship could be applied to the public sector, to government, as well?"

"Government has been the great success story and the great failure story of our time. When it was a large government, we really got expected leadership. Then the Thurns and Pines began to have the dream that governments could do a great deal—until we finally began to be

here they could do everything. And now we are beginning to believe they do nothing well—that all they know how to do is wage war and to debase the currency, and now they do not even wage war well."

"If this idea gathers momentum, we will see a split between government the provider and government the supplier—that is, the government may still deliver the service, but it will hire an outside contractor. It's not such a radical idea. The government does not hold all its own resources."

Well, here are some major ideas to mull over—and some unresolved problems. If blue-collar workers drop to 4 percent of the work force, what happens to the workers who have been automated? Financing and controlling those workers is obviously a boom business. So is creating the businesses that people need and that the government will deliver but will have to buy from the outside sector.

WE DON'T KNOW HOW long this particular wave or cycle will last, but right now we believe that markets work and governments do not; that profits are not without honor, and neither are the people who earn them.

Will entrepreneurship stay a favored occupation, or will it fade, like being a jobless lawyer? I think it may have a long run, because it is becoming intellectually fashionable, and that means that the establishments in government and education will create an institutional framework that supports it.

The idea that the entrepreneur is a noble and necessary animal in society is only recently fashionable. The economist who celebrated the entrepreneur, Joseph Schumpeter, is now getting renewed interest, he is, it is said in some circles, as great as Keynes.

Why is this important? Economic theories give justification to the actions we see in the process of taking. In the Thirties the government was increasing its role out of sheer desperation in an economic crisis; it was already in the process when Keynes's *General Theory* was published in 1935 and had so much impact. Dr. Keynes' intervention came from "instinct"—it was not really part of economics, even though it had no influence. But to Schumpeter, innovation was the essence of capitalism, he called it creative destruction. New products, new processes, new jobs. This dynamic, this constant change, requires new investments, and the new investments require profit—profit is a cost of doing business. This idea is profoundly different from the view that a profit is surplus, something that had been taken out of the backs of exploited workers.

What kind of a time are we living in? We know that business is now fashionable, as it was not fifteen years ago. We don't know how long this particular wave or cycle will last, but right now we believe that markets work and governments do not; that profits are not without honor, and neither are the people who earn them. At some time these ideas may be reversed, as they have been before, but this is the age of Joseph Schumpeter and the entrepreneur. □

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Faces of the Enemy

by SAM KEEN



The world, as always, is debating the issues of war and peace. Conservatives believe safety lies in more arms and increased firepower. Liberals place their trust in disarmament and a nuclear freeze. I suggest we will be saved by neither fire nor ice, that the solutions being offered by the political right and left miss the mark. Our problem lies not in our technology, but in our minds, in our ancient tendency to create our enemies in our own imagination.

Our best hope for avoiding war is to understand the psychology of this enemy, the ways in which our mind works to produce our habits of paranoia, projection, and the making of propaganda. How do we create our enemies and turn the world into a killing ground? We first need to answer some basic, aside questions, raised by the advocates of power politics, who say: "You can't psychologize political conflict. You can't solve the problem at war by studying perception. We don't create enemies. There are real aggressors—Hitler, Stalin, Gorbachev."

True: There are always political, economic, and territorial causes of war. When come and go, the images we use to dehumanize our enemies across strongly the same. The unchanging projections of the hostile imagination are continually imposed onto changing historical circumstances. Not that the enemy is innocent of these projections—in popular view, even has it, persons sometimes have real enemies.

Nevertheless, to understand the hostile imagination we need to temporarily ignore the question of guilt and innocence. Our quest is for an understanding of the unchanging images we place on the enemy.

THE ENEMY AS CREATED BY PARANOIA

Paranoia is not an occasional individual pathology, but rather it is the human condition. History shows us this, with few exceptions, social cohesion within tribes is maintained by paranoia, when we do not have enemies, we invent them. The group identity of a people depends on division between insiders and outsiders, as and then, the tribe and the enemy.

The first meaning of the enemy is simply the stranger, the alien. The bond of tribal membership is maintained by projecting hostile and divisive emotions upon the outsider. Paranoia honors the cold fact which we create enemies.

In the paranoid imagination, alien means the same as evil, while the tribe itself is defined as good; a single network of unrelenting hatred stretches over the rest of the world. "They" are out to get "us." All occurrences prove the basic assumption that an outside power is conspiring against the community.

THE ENEMY AS ENEMY OF GOD

In the language of the bible, every war is a crusade, a "just" war, a battle between good and evil. Warfare is a ritual in which the sacred blood of our heroes is sacrificed to destroy the enemies of God.

We like to think that theocracies and holy wars ended with the coming of the Industrial Revolution and the emergence of secular cultures in the West. Yet in World War I the loser was pictured as the devil, in World War II both Germany and the U.S. proclaimed God and war, "In God We Trust," each accused the other of being Christ-killers. Sophisticated politicians may mask the conflict between the U.S. and the USSR in a matter of geopolitical power politics, but theological dimensions have not disappeared. President Reagan warns us against "the ap-

Sam Keen is a writer from Seattle and lecturer. The article is reprinted from his 1993 Harper & Row book, *The Faces of the Enemy*.



INDIE MOET VRIJ !
WERKT EN VECHT ERVOOR!



The art that launched a thousand wars:
Before a man can kill, he must picture upon his canvas
an adversary first. Whether animal, devil, or demon, man
wars begin for other reasons. In a historical vacuum, people
that the enemies we depict, the war fighting and produce
of our own imagination. Evil is the eye of the beholder.





grosser impulses of an evil empire" and asks us to "pay for the sinners of all those who live in totalitarian darkness, pay they will discover the joy of knowing God."

By picturing the enemy as the enemy of God we convert the past associated with murder into pride. A warrior who kills such an enemy strikes a blow for truth and goodness. Revenge isn't necessary. The warrior engaged in righteous battle against the enemies of God may even see himself as a priest, saving his enemy from the grip of evil by killing him.

THE ENEMY AS BARBARIAN

The enemy not only is a demon but also a destroyer of culture. If he is human at all, he is brutal, dumb, and cruel, lower on the scale of evolution than The People. To the Greeks he was a barbarian. To the Americans he was, most recently, a "gook" or "slant." To the South Africans he's blacker "colored."

The barbarian theme was used widely in World War II propaganda by all participants. Nazi anti-semitic tracts contended the sunny, healthy Aryan with the sinister, dark, and contaminated races—Jews, Gypsies, Eastern Europeans. American soldiers were pictured as Chicago-style gangsters. Blacks were portrayed as quia griffus depicting the artistic achievements of European civilization. One poster saidin Holland warned the Dutch that their supposed "brothers" were a mixture of KKK, just-crazed blacks, convicts, kangars, and mad bombers. In turn, the U.S. frequently pictured the Germans as a Nazi horde of dark monsters on a random rampage.

The image of the barbarian represents a force to be feared, power without intelligence, matter without mind, an enemy that must be conquered by culture. The warrior who defeats the barbarian is a culture hero, keeping the dark powers in check.

THE ENEMY AS RAPIST

Associated with the enemy as barbarian is the image of the enemy as rapist, the destroyer of motherhood. As rapist, the enemy is love-driving monster. He is according to Nazi propaganda the Jew who lures in the shadowy setting to seduce Aryan girls. Or in the propaganda of the Ku Klux Klan he is the black man with an insatiable lust for white women. In American war posters he is the Jap carrying away the naked Occidental woman.

The portrait of the enemy as rapist, destroyer of the motherhood, warns us of danger and evokes our paragonistic imagination by reminding us of the enforcement of rape. The appeal to sexual aversion is a sure cut-run in motivating men to go to war. To the warrior before the yards, and chest among the yards on the enemy's women.

THE ENEMY AS BEAST, INSECT, REPTILE

The power of bestial images to degrade is rooted in the ontologic structure of the hostile imagination. Karen Horney has shown that nature always awakens a movement between glorified and degraded images of the self. In warlike we act out a man's ancient wish: by we glorify ourselves as agents of God and project our feelings of degradation and impotence upon the enemy. We are superhuman, therefore they must be

subhuman. By destroying the bestial and conquering monster we can gain immortality, escape evil, transcend decay and death.

THE ENEMY AS DEATH

In the cosmology of propaganda, the enemy is the bringer of death. He is Death riding on a bomb, the Grim Reaper cutting down youths in his prime. His face is striped of flesh, his body a demented skeleton.

War is an ontological ritual. Generations after generations we sacrifice our substance in a vain effort to kill some essential enemy. Now it's brownies in America or Soviet face. A moment ago he was a Nazi, a Jew, a Muslim, a Christian, a pagan. But the true face of the enemy, as Saint Paul said, is Death itself. The successful power that motivates us to fight for Peace, for Life, is the magical motivation that if we can destroy that particular enemy we can defeat Death.

Lying with each of us is the desire for immortality. And because this near-absolute desire for immortality is balanced by the profoundly expressed fear that death might really eradicate all traces of our existence, we will go to any extreme to postpone ourselves. By submitting to the drive called war, in which we are willing to die or kill the enemy who is Death, we affirm our own dehumanization.

THE RELUCTANT KILLERS

It is easy to despair when we look at the human greed for creating monsters in the image of our own dreamed selves. When we add our mass passions and projects to our constantly progressing weapons technologies, it seems we are doomed to destroy ourselves.

But the persistent archetypal images of the enemy may point us toward hopeful direction. We design our monsters not because we are destructively sadistic, but because it is difficult for us to kill men and women we recognize as fully human beings. Our natural empathy, our instinct for compassion, is strong; society does what it must to attempt to overcome the moral imperative that forbids us from killing.

Even so, the effort is successful only for a minority. In spite of our best propaganda, few men and women will actually try to kill an enemy. In his book *Men Against War*, Brigadier General S.L.A. Marshall presents the results of his study of American soldiers under fire during World War II. He discovered that in combat the percentage of men who would fire their rifle at the enemy was once did not rise above 25 percent, and the more usual figure was 15 percent. He further discovered that the fear of killing was every bit as strong as the fear of dying.

It is difficult to build men into killers, we may still hope to instruct our children from fighting an universal enemy to doing battle with our own passions. Our true war is our struggle against the antagonistic mind. Our true enemy is our propensity to make enemies. The highest form of moral courage requires us to look at ourselves from another perspective, to reject, and to grow our own shadows. True self-knowledge transcends self-deceit into our minds. And self-deceit is a healthy counterbalance to the dogmatic, self-righteous certainty that governs political rhetoric and behavior, it is, therefore, the beginning of compassion. ☐



The Stranger at the Table

by Max Apple

Keeping kosher means preserving and honoring an age-old tradition. It is also at the heart and soul of being an outsider

YOU ARE HEARING FROM A PERSON who has never tasted a shrimp, a hot sandwich, a pork chop, lobster, Newburg, or even a plain old run-of-the-mill cheeseburger. The Whooper is a stranger to my lips, so, too, the Big Mac. A marshmallow is something I taste once a year when it arrives from New York for Passover held together by sticky gelatin, seeping of the sea.

I associate the ingredients listed on the sides of packaged foods and I search the surfaces for arcane meanings. A Q or a K makes my heart leap; the word kosher is like a personal call at a pay phone. I am the minority of the minority, the dinner guest you can never easily. When I ask "What's cooking?" I expect an answer.

I used to think that in New York I might wonder the streets tracking my lips like a freed slave, hardly knowing what to expect next. Then, I thought, every day must be Christmas morning, angels growing on trees, a trail of leprechauns, lost dog-leashes, hot lips, uninvited guests, and even dancing in the streets, the Kentucky Colonel pressing boiled cucumbers.

Also, in my trips to Manhattan I've had as much trouble finding something I can eat as I do in Houston. In some ways it's worse. In Manhattan I've made the mistake of asking if it's kosher. I've asked full of hope, admittedly innocent and naive. The waiter shrugs some-

thing about Brooklyn or the Bronx. While I take the five-page menu the waiter waits. He looks at me as if I'm an Arab terrorist. He raises his pen like an executioner's sword. My last request will be a hard-boiled egg.

To combat myself at a time like this I recall the unknown sufferer of my youth. She epitomizes the many strangers I am grateful to, but she is specific, a middle-aged woman in a lovely delicatessen in Detroit, she came to my aid when I needed her most. I was about two years old. My father took me to my first big-league baseball game, a doubleheader between the Detroit Tigers and the Boston Red Sox.

It was a five-hour drive to Detroit. I was too excited to sleep the night before. For breakfast I had only thin corn. I carried my glove hoping for a foul ball and my *Sombrero* pencil for autographs, just in case I ran into Al Kaline or Ted Williams in the parking lot. At some rest stop in central Michigan I felt my lunch in a paper bowl. I wanted to go to my first big-league game without the burden of a full poem) was sandwich on yellow cheddar. I washed my hands free for pop bowls, in my lap I washed only a scorecard. I discounted hunger.

By the time we got to the ballpark, I was the last of Yank. Rogers in the bleachers. Max Apple, author of *Five Unlikely Men*, has been *Free Agents Whooper & King* and *Apple* in May.



IN THE BEGINNING, food was an antidote to hunger, and then the what meat they could find was cooked, salted and lead in food it matter. And then meat and bone

The New, Subtle Look from Europe

by Vincent Boucher

Designers in Europe are approaching spring 1994 with a relaxed, easy confidence. Gone are the exaggerated silhouettes, tricky details, and runway fantasia of season past. In their place has emerged a sure-headed owner of clothes that combines loose shapes, easy-on-the-eye textures and dark tones, and a continued emphasis on what the Europeans do best—superb tailoring and uncommon, sometimes astonishingly luxurious materials. One stellar example is Giorgio Armani's series of brushed suede blouses with the leather printed to resemble classic glass plaids and houndstooth checks. Other standouts: leather jackets, nubuck fabric with suede or bust dusking, bright color linings.

SPINNING WITH COLOR

Brille offers a subtly colored cotton blouse (left) with belt rolls. Used in light colors, that's paired with a matching suede overcoat (below, left). Tailored, loose trousers in (above) and silk sweater (below) complete the look. At Jerry's, Brooklyn; Alex Park, Greenwich, Philadelphia; Puritan Gallery, Denver; Ultras, Chicago; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.

TRIFLE TURTLE DRAF

Carlini Pirelli takes the suede blouses and gives it a mid-length outer with a curly strand and (above) belt, accented with striped cotton pants (below, right). Casual counterparts are the subtle cotton striped trousers in (below, left) and a knee-length outer (below, right) in (above) at Macy's, New York and San Francisco. Third site at Chicago, New York.

RECONSTRUCTION ON THE

George Armani's leather jacket is a modern twist on the classic styling and a subtle color, printed in a classic houndstooth check (above, left). Used in light colors, that's paired with a matching suede overcoat (below, left). Tailored, loose trousers in (above) and silk sweater (below) complete the look. At Jerry's, Brooklyn; Alex Park, Greenwich, Philadelphia; Puritan Gallery, Denver; Ultras, Chicago; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.



From resorts like Capri and Portofino to city centers in Paris and Milan, a seemingly range of blues is a perennial European favorite. This season navy is a fresh alternative to black, as well as a sporty choice in combination with white. Yachting clothes, which appear regularly in spring collections, are updated or reused: cottons with nautical details such as belted pockets and Velcro closures. The sophisticated city side of navy blue comes in a space Oriental mode (see Gianni Versace and a navy blazer, in wool gabardine, cotton, linen, or, at its freshest, cotton knit jersey, devoid of any unnecessary construction and as comfy as a cardigan.

THE EASTERN WRAP

Gianni Versace belted cardigan for Joseph Bon and produced a navy leather jacket styled like a kimono, with double-breasted lap roll (JBLM), and paired it with full-length white cotton trousers (JBLM) and a cotton-cashmere sweater (JBLM). At the Versace store: Versace, Beverly Hills, Miami, and New York, Dancy's, Brooklyn, New York; Ultras, Chicago.

ONE MODERN BLAISE

Wes Gendy (JBLM) showed the sport jacket by reworking most of the basic construction, including it in three different pieces, and adding some details like the belted pockets (JBLM). Sporty additions on the same look: a cashmere and silk (JBLM) and cotton-cashmere sweater (JBLM). At (JBLM), New York; Ultras, Chicago; No Gap, Beverly Hills.

SHRAPS IN SUITCASE

Eleonora Ferra's president for suitcases: first-class is color in a blue-on-blue (JBLM) cotton jacket with blue stripes and a white-lined V-neck (JBLM). Sporty white cotton-cashmere trousers are the perfect match (JBLM). At (JBLM), New York; Ultras, Chicago; No Gap, Beverly Hills.

THE SEATING DAYS

Baron David collected a short-sleeved shirt in his 19th-century jacket of navy cotton-cashmere with the pockets, a white collar, and Velcro closures (JBLM) and with a navy-on-white striped cotton 1-2-3-4 (JBLM) and white belted-cotton casual trousers (JBLM). At (JBLM), New York; Ultras, Chicago; No Gap, Beverly Hills.



Perhaps it seems strange that linen grows more popular for summer wardrobes year after year, since it demands careful and constant upkeep as well as a carefree attitude because of its tendency to rumple. But its elegant sheen, its natural coolness, and even its characteristic wrinkles are appealing. European designers, who started the modern revival of linen, continue to lead the way—with beautifully tailored suits, sport jackets, and trousers for dress wear and a myriad of sportswear options. This year, too, washed-out stripes, checks, and tartans are often favored. And as linen successfully shows, they can even be mixed together in an understated but increasingly manner.

NEUTRAL AND NOSTY

Example: David's linen jacket, jacketed, double-breasted sport jacket (about \$150) is colored in tan and grey-tinted linen and cotton (about \$100) and accented with a linen and cotton double-breasted shirt (about \$120) and double-breasted trousers (about \$120). At Lord, New York; Wilson's, San Francisco; J.P. Co., Chicago; Rubenstein Bros., New Orleans.

SPORTSBOY APPEAL

New's jacket (about \$150) and trousers (about \$100) are an extremely trendy summer outfit, as illustrated by the grey sportswear (about \$150) and trousers (about \$100) and cotton shirt (about \$120), and contrasting double-breasted linen (about \$120). At Lord, New York; Wilson's, San Francisco; J.P. Co., Chicago; Rubenstein Bros., New Orleans.

THE LIGHTS LINES

David's jacket (about \$150) and trousers (about \$100) are an extremely trendy summer outfit, as illustrated by the grey sportswear (about \$150) and trousers (about \$100) and cotton shirt (about \$120), and contrasting double-breasted linen (about \$120). At Lord, New York; Wilson's, San Francisco; J.P. Co., Chicago; Rubenstein Bros., New Orleans.



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TWO THOUSAND

The Esquire Review

FEBRUARY 1984



ILLUSTRATION: GAIL HENDERSON

Cheers, the Hit That Almost Missed

by Cameron Stauth

NICK COLASANTO, A VERY INTELLIGENT MAN WHO PLAYS THE VERY DRAB COACH ON CHEERS, OWES MUCH OF HIS SUCCESS IN LANDING GANGSTER ROLES TO HIS SANDPAPER VOICE, WHICH HE ACQUAINTED IN DESCRIBING WHAT FORMER NBC PRESIDENT FRED SILVERMAN

NIGHT HAVE SAID TO THE writers of last place show. "It's not a game, no camp, no pose, guys. It's gonna tell you." Such was the story Mr. Silverman intended to tell. But Silverman was hardly the only trigger-happy executive ever to inhibit a network programmer's narrative taste. On the contrary—shooting first and asking questions later has come to typify network behavior in the last few years, to the point where some 75 percent of all new shows are not picked up after their first year.

Jim Barron and Glen and Les Charles certainly knew that when they started looking around ideas for a new series, but they

also knew they had a head start. Barron and the Charles brothers were the force behind Taxi, that show's success allowed them to sign a deal with NBC guaranteeing that they would get at least one series on the air (based on two pilots; if the network passed on the first, then they had to take the second). One of their ideas was to set a show in a bar but show the bar's behind-the-scenes people—just the falling-down drunks, the horny barflies. In fact, at first the bar's owner was even going to be a woman (who'd inherited the bar from her father), but that idea passed. Sure, a womanizing jerk, got the lease, and Cheers, as we know it, was born.

Well, almost. First the producers had to sell the show to NBC, which would air and pay for the program, and then to Paramount, which would provide additional

money, give the project more weight, and, in effect, co-own the property. But the selling of Cheers was the easy part: on the strength of their faith in the producers, NBC was willing to put up about \$300,000 a week for the show, Paramount about \$25,000. Cheers was, after all, relatively cheap—it was a new show, and its stars had just yet begun to ride the wave of raises that characterize a series's successive seasons, the fourth bonus on a long-running show like *Nip/Ty*. For example, could expect to earn the same \$25,000-odd per episode that was to be the salary range garnered by the toped stars of Cheers, Ted Danson and Shelley Long. Also, Cheers would be shot in a studio with four cameras—a shorter, less expensive process than shooting on location with only one camera.

MOVIES
MUSIC
MEDIA
BOOKS
& ART

So Chern might have looked like a star thing. But Grant Tinker and Brandon Tartikoff, the NBC chiefs, weren't so sure. Even the *Cherish* brothers and Barrows weren't entirely sure. For *Cherish* was hardly "Glee" or "reality" like *Do It Yourself*. And as it turned out, their suspicions were well founded: the show was a disaster.

CHERISH PREMIERED ON SEPTEMBER 18, 1983, and in its

awful first season it met with a halcyon cheer. The show was lauded from the outset by nearly every critic in the country who reviewed it—with the exception of one. Bible Belt scribe who thought its implicit promotion of demon cars was an utterly repugnant, but the viewing public apparently paid no attention to this initial praise. The show's debut finished seventh out of every three shows, by

FOR all their panic, the *Cherish* group had one thing going for them: Grant Tinker, NBC chairman, and Brandon Tartikoff, programming president, liked to watch it. It made them laugh.

Thomsoning it had struggled to stay in number sixty-eight, last place. Chern was not, as they say in television, getting a "second" sampling, that crucial one-time repeat in the homes of the supposedly twenty million people who watch television. A sampling is scheduled a number of ways, the easiest of which is offering a "high-concept" show, a show with an obvious, highly promotable "hook," much as *60 Minutes* endures thanks to a skit on a plane, and each week he must battle his way out of podiums and pens, or (if a stickler for the mail-order wife turns out to be a champagne dork) every argument he makes the best bet for success (see: *Cherish*). High-concept shows are given for TV Guide leads, for network work on second periods, and, let's face it, for the less than glamorous cultural tastes of many viewers. But a low-concept show can't be marketed as well as a sampling of its features at least one key scene in the cast, and preferably several. Lacking that, it can at best cling to a general theme, such as sexuality, violence, or greed, be lucky enough to be scheduled just after a big hit, like *60 Minutes*, or merge in a plethora of "strands," such as having the First Lady do a picnic shot, flitting a rapist in China, having a female love give birth, or, best of all, having the First Lady give birth in China.

Chern, however, had none of the traditional marketing devices working for it. Tartikoff envied had no apparent impact, but NBC publicist Margie Zimberg, in charge of press for Chern, tried on, pushing the show hard to reporters and critics; she knew it desperately needed publicity to build its audience. By February a collection of magazine articles had begun to appear "spontaneously." A couple that appeared in TV Guide, one on Ted Benson and his wife, Casey, and one on Shirley Long, seemed to help cut through viewer apathy more than anything else that was written about the show.

But even the best PR person needs something tangible to work with. Meanwhile, by mid-season the show was in terrible trouble, and so, to some extent, was the network the entire Chern was certainly not leaving the network, nor the ad dollars of the other NBC Thursday-night shows, particularly *Hill Street Blues*, a genuine hit that could have been even more successful and lucrative were it not for the week Chern took in a for Paramount, it was pouring as much less money than NBC.

But at least the network had to do at least six shows a week. The studio's only shot at a profit came from the sale of the show as a syndicated series, which itself would only be possible if it were to last on the network for about five years. And the *Cherish* ratings barely justified longevity.

Enter *TV's* O'Neil. By a stroke of luck, the *Cherish* casting director, Steven Kolinko, had a son, a young man named Grant, who had been O'Neil's personal secretary for years—and he had been a piece of "material" that would save *Cherish*, if not in the absolute forefront of every afternoon television viewer's mind, at least on the pages of TV Guide. Next week, Time, and numerous other vessels of pop culture.

Kolinko knew through his mother that O'Neil was visiting nearby Palm Springs and, after a while, that O'Neil was a big fan of *Cherish*. "I never got done at the other end of a jet," O'Neil had once said to Kolinko's mother, "drinking a beer with that jet guy." Kolinko, a young fellow who, like the majority of Hollywood casting agents, lately appears to greater responsibilities, wanted to do more than imagine the scene. He wanted to engineer it. Which he did.

The episode O'Neil appeared in, riding a tidal wave of hype, aired Chern in a last-minute rousing. Which helped.

But a series rousing is still very, very risky. And the next week were being received with a number of people rousing to call the show's first thing every Friday morning to find out the overnight ratings.

Yet for all their panic over the series's least-than-strong showing, the *Cherish* group had one crucial thing going for them: Grant Tinker, NBC chairman, and Brandon Tartikoff, programming president, liked to watch it. It made them laugh.

LATE IN THE SPRING OF 1983, JUST before he left for New York to attend NBC's fall schedule to the ad agencies and press, Tartikoff was on his way to accompany his brother-in-law to his home in Century City to listen to his boss, Grant Tinker, at the momentous guests that he had changed his mind about who should own a show's reruns. A word critic of network ownership of syndication rights while he was president of MTM, Tinker now believed, because his current network presidency had enabled him to "know none," that the network do deserve a piece of the pie. While he may have flip-flopped on this issue, though, he has not deviated from his idea of what's lump, and Chern, he thinks, a very funny. Tinker has said, "When I look at *Cherish*, there's not even a question my mind. Is it funny? Is it something? That's an easy call." On the ride from his Burbank office to Beverly Hills, Tartikoff was equally enthusiastic. While Tartikoff allowed that he might watch *The A-Team* if he were home and had nothing better to do—even though the show was his own idea, and its success doubtless the greatest achievement in his commercial career—he made no bones about his selection to see, by now, and the going at the bar. Both Tartikoff, who is the youngest programming president in network history (and has had a long battle with cancer), and Tinker, who made a fortune as a producer, say they find that if they can't get shows on TV that they watch themselves, then who needs the suggestion of the job? This struggle has caused them the envy of some of the more formula-oriented sitcom producers in Hollywood, who feel that the Tartikoff regime is a rather precious little club of elitists, but it has also gained them the services of many of the best comic minds in the business. Tinker has, in fact, been absolutely credit to his desire to create a show that is a big fan of *Cherish*'s best comedy people simply by granting to him them and know them more. When he took over *Tom* after ABC dumped it, he was only partially motivated by his desire to have the show on the air. His other motive, probably the primary one, was to acquire the services of Tom personnel, including its producers and director, Glen and Len Charles and James Burrows, respectively, who created *Cherish*. As in the NBC comedy stable now are Jon Shroder (of *Mary Tyler Moore*), Sherry Long (director of *Myra* Zone of Endeavour), Ed Weinberger (Chen), and Mr. Swick, but you can't watch them all, Tom Pinchett, Jay Tarkan, Gordon Fier and Lynne Fier (the *Bob* Newell



FROM LEFT: TINKER, KOLINKO, TARTIKOFF

Making Hit

GRANT TINKER, STEVEN KOLINKO, BRANDON TARTIKOFF

Shaw), and Franklin Wynn (Sherry Moore). These people, while not household names, practically constitute a television dynasty full of hits, and all were hired to NBC during the Tinker-Tartikoff talent raids of 1980-1981.

In 1983, when Tinker asked Tartikoff to stay on (afterly after Tinker was hired to take over the network from Fred Silverman, who had been Tartikoff's mentor), he was widely rumored that parent company RCA was trying to dump NBC, which was making a measly 3 percent profit off its sales. The two boys then set in 1983 by producing NBC to be "the quality network." But by 1985 they had been forced to amend their definition of quality programming to mean well-constructed programming. The definition had become necessary when some of their later offer-

ings had failed. The best example of this misadventure was when Tinker and Tartikoff asked *Fame*—a program with enough talent to fill a room from the sides and form its own syndicated network. The broadcast of *Fame* ended "The Best Night of Television on Television," the 1982 prize that had been the Thursday-night lineup of *Fame*, *Cherish*, and *Hill Street Blues*. *Fame* was replaced by the *Brady* bedroom face *My Girl*, which was brought in by its old boss Silverman and about which Tartikoff has said, "That program is certainly not *Cherish*—I'd love to see a movie of Grant Tinker's face while he watched *My Girl*. It's just not his kind of show." Nor is *Tartikoff's* kind of show, even as the viewer, which he simply is not.

"There are projects that you get in the business to do," said Tartikoff, "such as

Hill Street Blues, *Tom* go to a party and your friends and family say, 'Get it, you had something to do with *Hill Street Blues*.' But that's not to say that *The A-Team* doesn't pay the bills. The producers of this show came in and wanted to do a series about a hotel detective. I gave him a space of pages. A lot of work was done. I was in the middle of the *Alphaville* show, and *The Drive* show all rolled into one, and Mr. T. drives the car. That's how *The A-Team* happened, and having been involved with its creation, I wrote up in the morning and feel pretty good about myself."

For Tartikoff knows that network television programming is not quite the same art form as, say, writing short stories for a literary magazine, and he is respected by the NBC financial controllers as a disinterested young man who appreciates fiscal

experiences. In fact, it was as much for financial reasons as for reasons of Telford's taste that Barrows and the Chatters brothers brought Chiers to NBC in the first place. The producers were not aware that Chiers would have to be marketed, and they were worried that the NBC would hold on to the show longer than any other network would. Replacing shows is, after all, expensive, and senior Silverman NBC had run up enormous bills by ordering so many shows in the year of the moment. Even already placed pilots are almost twice as expensive as regular weekly episodes, since everything is done scratch. NBC, however, was usually prepared pilots can run almost three times the normal \$325,000 to \$250,000 needed for a half-hour pilot. NBC, going to the last place among the networks for most of the past decade, by 1983 could simply no longer afford to lose that kind of money.

And even if Chiers were to flop, it could still fit into NBC's less-than-secret (though, unannounced) strategy of "yarns casting"—going for the classic demographic viewers rather than the moment. Theoretically NBC could have continued to sell the show to advertisers for so long indefinitely, but it wouldn't have one laguer, of course, pulls down the rest of the schedule. Even Brandon Tarkenton has to draw the line somewhere in the case of Chiers. "I guess, the regular series was, and will be, nowhere. If by remote time Chiers were to fall below an average of 18 percent of America's television households, it would become, in the matter of revenue, including Madison Avenue, a necessary, since business is, after all, business."

ON MARCH 19 NBC ANNOUNCED THEY had picked up Chiers for season six. Some were surprised—some said the week before was just forty-second. No doubt NBC and probably CBS would have let it go, but the producers had been too tight to go to NBC, with all the publicity about Chiers being the centerpiece of NBC's much-maligned quality lineup of programming. Brandon Tarkenton would have had a tough time convincing this most beautiful new baby of his. But seasoned watchers of the television industry also knew that this was only a temporary reprieve. If Chiers's ratings didn't pick up, it would undoubtedly be sent to its time at 11.

On an early summer afternoon Jim Barrows, sitting in his office just across the street from the sound stage where he di-

rects Chiers, squirmed a little when his assistant handed him the ratings on the most recent episode of the show, which was beginning to hit softer competitors. But when he saw the numbers, which were good, a smile stretched across his face. "I was pretty sure I believed that the show will live or die on its relative quality, but he knows that neither matter. 'We're a marginal show at best,' he said, leaning back in a tall, executive-style chair. "But I don't think the problem is that we don't do a good show; it's just that not enough people have seen it yet."

Barrows appeared noticeably relaxed after a day of non-remarking about losing a job that paid him more per show than most American make in a year. Barrows has had one million NBC pilots in the past, winning two Emmys as Sam's executive, but still feels the need to crawl, partially in order to catch up to his former boss, Al Barrows, senior and director of many Broadway hits, including *Gypsy* and *Daddy and Mom*. In *Shattered* on Broadway with-out Really Going, for which he won a Pulitzer Prize, when Jim Barrows moved to Los Angeles from New York about twelve years ago, he was at least closer to escaping his father's towering shadow. Even in the face of this internal and external pressure, though, Barrows had built his strategy first and foremost on producers' bad behavior. As part of that strategy, several cast members were in various American cities, as Barrows spoke, touting the show in local and national media. The Chiers producers were employing the grassroots media approach, that *Real Street Rules* had used the summer after its first season of low ratings, when most of the cast members went out to hit the road.

"Television is largely intuition," said Barrows, who, serving with the Nielsen ratings when "I put pressure something to make, people will watch it. It's hard to get the good shows started. But *M*A*S*H* and *Mary Tyler Moore* and *Barney Miller* all started slowly. It just, he said seriously, "takes time."

Earlier in the season several of the Chiers actors were talking about accommodations that the network had made to the producers on how to pop the show up. For the most part, said the actors, NBC had maintained an "essentially laissez-faire policy with Chiers, particularly on both the production and creative and partially because all three producers were most difficult in that realm of most-favored talents. Nevertheless... Why not

do a show on Sam's sex-ville? No way—that's been done a thousand times. Why not at least change the show's opening titles, by putting in pictures of the cast? No—in it, he, the others are definitive. "One of the show's writers had wanted to do a book a hour. 'I was trying to do a *Moose of the Week* for ABC once," he said. "It was just after Star Wars came out. Every day I had, they said, 'Grant, but do it like Star Wars. A girl gets kidnapped!'" But he did the Star Wars. A lady gets kidnapped? Great! But do it like Star Wars. (An old man wins the lottery? Great! But do it like Star Wars?)

NBC wasn't like that, and the producers wouldn't have allowed it anyway, but he didn't mind showing a certain respect. From the beginning, the series was slated to feature the relationship in much in her. But the running theme of Sam and Diane soon became more intense than they had been before—partly because, as he said, "the chemistry between Sam and Diane was so good." And also because the network used to put more from episodes that spotlighted the relationship. The network, along with Paramount, the Chatters brothers, and Barrows, had a lot to say about Sam and Diane would move closer together.

DURING MIDSUMMER THE CAST members could feel it: the show's growing popularity was palpable. That intuition served it when he was in New York, it in NBC. Before the Chiers actors were expected to mingle with the executives of companies that sold goods on their shows. Suddenly he found himself having his picture taken with "all of our friends in the world." His looks, which had gained him some attention in the past, had suddenly, through the glowing filter of intertextual television popularity, been transformed in the eyes of his believers to perfection. He was now a star.

For Sam, it was the first indication that the show was beginning to take off. Later, when he checked records of the show's ratings, he found that the date of the advertisement party corresponded exactly with when the ratings finally began to give Chiers its due. By mid-June the momentum had begun to build: by early August Chiers was a member of the top-ten lineup.

THE PRODUCERS NOW SAY THEY have had a strategy. Go for absolute quality, ignore the ratings as much as possible, cut the quality-wangy parts and critics to get free "advertising," build a loyal, almost cult audience throughout the autumn and spring episodes, engage in a series of stunts, and let the hype take over. Success with a bang, if somewhat "labeled" audience during the less-competitive summer time and, finally, pray for success in the Emmys.

On August 4, five *Emmy* nominations were announced. Chiers garnered three. Tickets to the show, always hard to come by because of the cult status Chiers had successfully built, were now almost impossible to obtain. The people who had managed to make it were puzzled and amazed, and when, at the finale, the emcee, Robert, "Ladies and gentlemen, the cast of Chiers!" the crowd leaped a belief that was visible for across the vast Paramount lot, the first defined number from a former football stadium.

On the night of the awards Steve Soler, a Paramount press man whose name is often mentioned in the same breath as Telford's, was ready to make sure that those watching the Emmys on live television the last time NBC, as general, and Chiers in particular, were seeing the floor with the competition by allowing the NBC women during any possible commercial break. At CBS Soler had been the man responsible for making the entire live world want to know who won L.R. His Emmy program would have been covered, within the industry, to be so grossly heavy-handed that they might have lost him some points in Telford's last appearance. The producers were to be about, certainly good for Chiers, sending the show to a whole new audience. Meanwhile, the Chiers creators, for

when the Emmys represented the final move in the strategy, entered quite calm, almost blasé. Despite the threat that nostalgia would sweep *M*A*S*H*, in its last year, to big audiences, they seemed almost certain that they would win at least enough awards to bring to television their great plan. It was assured because of a simple mathematical fact: when you get thirteen nominations, you're bound to win a few. And when the evening was over, Chiers had indeed won best comedy, best actress (Sherry Long), best writing (Sam and Glen Charles), best director (Jim Barrows), and best opening credits—only one fewer than all the records was that night by ABC and CBS combined.

POSTSCRIPT: A sample of duplicate NBC announced its new, fall 1983 schedule to the press. Richard Sales, who had labored several years as NBC's most famous go-to man and was now finally its "line producer," in charge of daily programming details, was sitting for a phone call on whether the NBC brass would prolong the life of the program. Good news about programs "picked" steadily leaks out of the private network meetings early to those whose livelihoods depend upon the show's. Sales's phone stayed silent as a stone. "They picked up Chiers," he said, "so I

think they'll pick up on too. We're very similar to Chiers—like that show, we didn't pull great ratings, but our viewers were from a certain demographic market segment, which advertisers love. And Tarkenton and Tucker both love our show. Also, consider how it would look to the press if the network were to pull one of its best shows. Last of all, I don't think they could replace us with a better show."

Sam would not be picked up. At the Chiers office, after a hundred yards down the street, the fact was not yet known, but it was clear that James Barrows had learned a great deal in the past year. "I'd say Sam won't be back," said Barrows, who was, of course, an old Tarkenton. "Simply because of the numbers. Chiers hasn't had the shot yet that Tarkenton had. It's five years ago. But if we're in the same place next year that we were in last year, we won't be back. We won't have to wait five years."

It's a matter of sampling. Barrows was willing. If a large number of viewers had seen the program once but had never returned to watch it again, then Chiers would have been saved. For in the regular life of television, it had all come down to this: Chiers anyone or decide to fire people had watched it.

CAROLAN BROWN is writing (with Mark Clements) a book about prime-time TV audiences.

Hollywood & Vinyl

The Duet

In which Gary Belton eavesdrops on Paul McCartney and Michael Jackson shooting a video

Panel 1: GARY: I JUST HEARD YOU TWO CUTS ARE A BIG DEAL.

Panel 2: PAUL: (LAUGHING) YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY THAT BIG A DEAL. BUT I DO HAVE A FEW POLYMERIZATION AND ANIONIC POLYMERIZATION EXPERIENCES.

Panel 3: GARY: (LAUGHING) YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY THAT BIG A DEAL. BUT I DO HAVE A FEW POLYMERIZATION AND ANIONIC POLYMERIZATION EXPERIENCES.

Panel 4: PAUL: (LAUGHING) YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY THAT BIG A DEAL. BUT I DO HAVE A FEW POLYMERIZATION AND ANIONIC POLYMERIZATION EXPERIENCES.

Panel 5: GARY: (LAUGHING) YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY THAT BIG A DEAL. BUT I DO HAVE A FEW POLYMERIZATION AND ANIONIC POLYMERIZATION EXPERIENCES.

Panel 6: PAUL: (LAUGHING) YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY THAT BIG A DEAL. BUT I DO HAVE A FEW POLYMERIZATION AND ANIONIC POLYMERIZATION EXPERIENCES.

Panel 7: GARY: (LAUGHING) YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY THAT BIG A DEAL. BUT I DO HAVE A FEW POLYMERIZATION AND ANIONIC POLYMERIZATION EXPERIENCES.

Panel 8: PAUL: (LAUGHING) YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY THAT BIG A DEAL. BUT I DO HAVE A FEW POLYMERIZATION AND ANIONIC POLYMERIZATION EXPERIENCES.

Panel 9: GARY: (LAUGHING) YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY THAT BIG A DEAL. BUT I DO HAVE A FEW POLYMERIZATION AND ANIONIC POLYMERIZATION EXPERIENCES.

Panel 10: PAUL: (LAUGHING) YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY THAT BIG A DEAL. BUT I DO HAVE A FEW POLYMERIZATION AND ANIONIC POLYMERIZATION EXPERIENCES.

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Panel 14: PAUL: (LAUGHING) YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY THAT BIG A DEAL. BUT I DO HAVE A FEW POLYMERIZATION AND ANIONIC POLYMERIZATION EXPERIENCES.

Panel 15: GARY: (LAUGHING) YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY THAT BIG A DEAL. BUT I DO HAVE A FEW POLYMERIZATION AND ANIONIC POLYMERIZATION EXPERIENCES.

Panel 16: PAUL: (LAUGHING) YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY THAT BIG A DEAL. BUT I DO HAVE A FEW POLYMERIZATION AND ANIONIC POLYMERIZATION EXPERIENCES.

Panel 17: GARY: (LAUGHING) YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY THAT BIG A DEAL. BUT I DO HAVE A FEW POLYMERIZATION AND ANIONIC POLYMERIZATION EXPERIENCES.

Panel 18: PAUL: (LAUGHING) YOU KNOW, I'M NOT REALLY THAT BIG A DEAL. BUT I DO HAVE A FEW POLYMERIZATION AND ANIONIC POLYMERIZATION EXPERIENCES.

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Out of this worldly
Grand Marnier.



See the other America first on page 12.

USA Today, Our Paper

by Richard M. Levine

ON A RECENT VISIT TO USA TODAY'S OFFICES IN SUBURBAN WASHINGTON, D.C., I WAS GIVEN A COPY OF THE FIRST EDITION OF THE PAPER, NOW PACKAGED IN A HANDSOME SILVER-FINISH ENVELOPE. I REMEMBERED SEEING THAT ISSUE NEARLY A YEAR AND A HALF AGO AND

THINKING THAT IT SITTIED THE news datatagally well. It wasn't that the lead story reported on Grace Kelly's death when standard news judgment would have gone with the assassination of Lebanon's President-elect, Ba'ath Gernael, which USA Today based on page 9. To tell the truth, I was more interested in reading about Princess Grace's death than Ba'ath Gernael's, although I probably wouldn't have gone that far out of my way to avoid reading about Gernael. But was it the pronounced charismatic tone of the entire front page, starting with the paper's motto, The Nation's Newspaper, continuing with the lead story's headline, AMERICA'S PRINCESS GRACE DEAD IN MEXICO, and ending, in the bottom right-hand corner, with a signed editorial by Gannett chairman Al Neuharth promising that his paper would "serve as a far better understanding and unity to make the USA truly one nation"—a sentiment I felt a much earlier Declaration had expressed with considerably better grammar. But was it the extreme brevity of most of the stories, only one of which, the Cover Story, jumped to an inside page. Nor the "Quick Read on the Top News of the Day" that ran down the left-hand column. Even a newspaper devoted to New York Times readers like myself can get used to being pulled out of bed by the first of a two-part series on world hunger. "A little bit of Chad goes a long way," USA Today's executive editor Ron Martin has since told me, and there are mornings when I know what he means.

No, what really made me think that something unusual had arrived was the three-column photo of a burning airline fuselage. A charter jet had crashed in Spain, and the accompanying picture showed orange and flames licking out of every portal, billowing clouds of black smoke, smoke filling the background. But even the color wasn't what took me by surprise, or the accompanying three-paragraph story (which said that a "lucky American" named Chip Pearson had managed to es-

cape the plane and sell his "exclusive photo" to USA Today) but mentioned almost nothing else about the crash, or the fact that the story clearly ran on the front page only because the picture had become available. What captured my attention was the headline above the photo, **WOMAN, 37, AT SURVIVAL**, in italics. If USA Today could write an object story about an airplane crash, I thought, imagine what it could do with, say, a more economic recession. (Not long afterward I had a chance to find out when a story began, "Pittsburgh is losing ground that losing jobs and people doesn't have to mean financial trouble for the USA cities, according to a study to be published today.") Here was a good-news newspaper—a newspaper designed to give us an up feeling in a down time.

Now that USA Today has been in business for a while, it is equally clear that the paper is doing something more complicated than giving us a daily pep talk. But that the initial impression was accidental—nothing is accidental in a newspaper that market researchers say is "the most thoughtfully put together" since Procter & Gamble (and for its pains, because one of Fortune magazine's "products of the year" in 1982, along with frozen pudding on a stick). Gannett had spent millions along potential readers who they wanted in a national newspaper and not overlooking up to eleven newspapers. What it found was that readers wanted more sports and weather, less world and Washington news. They wanted color pictures, shorter stories, and unadorned writing about culture that would affect their lives immediately, preferably by the letter. They wanted, in short, television—but just appearing on television, although that too, but a newspaper that reads like television looks.

Placed in newspaper vending machines

designed to look like television sets, USA Today's front page becomes a frozen TV screen that must offer something to everyone—and so becomes by far the most crucial editorial decision. At a meeting story conference I attended at the paper's sleek new offices (all black, white, and chrome except for the many color TVs that staff members are attracted to keep as eyes on throughout the day), the front page, as it is, was especially important, since the edition in preparation was a Friday "weekend special," which, as editor John C. Quinn noted, has a longer "shelf life" in these vending machines. Besides Quinn and executive editor Ron Martin, the others present were the managing editors of the national sections, who had come prepared with their "budget" of stories for the day.

"We're trying to tie together three stories on the war about food and our health," the Life magazine editor, Sheryl Ellis, began.

"Can we advance a key LA position?" Ron Martin asked.

"Then we have Martin at the Chorn bar in Boston," Ellis continued, naming a reporter on assignment at the bar that had been the model for the one in the TV series, which was premiering that night. "She'll be on the section of the locals to the show as they watch it."

"Let's break off a page of it for the bar spot," Martin said, referring to the best, upmost "bright" last always appears on the lower right-hand corner of the front page with a color background.

"I thought we might go with a China Live's birth-anniversary party," front-page editor Roy Grossnick said.

"You're talking Broadway theater versus television," Martin said. "There's no comparison in terms of numbers."

"We have the new-digit Zip Code that begins Saturday for big businesses," Martin



er managing editor Taylor Buckley said. "We think it's a basic one."

"What does it mean to the ordinary citizen?" John Quinn asked. "Not much." "The average person's interested in Zip Codes," Buckley said. "We could say nice digits don't affect tax yet."

"We also have a lot of information about advertisers get people to drink bottled water when they can just turn on the tap," Buckley continued.

"Be careful," Martin warned. "Two days ago we did a story saying that one out of every 100 million people in the country drank bottled water because they have to. What about sports?"

"They're covering the tenth annual long-range-dependence-banking contest," someone joked. "We did that story last year. Sports don't say either. Curtis Kelleher said 'How ought to read the paper? Today we have a baseball play-off game.'"

"Begin with meat with the Olympic hockey team and shoot a pack into a goal," national editor Nancy Nazzari said. "There should be pictures. We also have the long-awaited chart of all fifty state sevens." "Begin with meat with the Olympic hockey team and shoot a pack into a goal," national editor Nancy Nazzari said. "There should be pictures. We also have the long-awaited chart of all fifty state sevens."

"Maybe we can be the Zip Code story into it," Quinn said, laughing.

"Any other color?" Martin asked. "Not don't tell me you have another hot-ter-balloons picture."

"No today," graphics and photography managing editor Richard Curtis said. "But coming up soon—the annual hot-ter-balloons contest in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Today we'll probably go with the bumper car derby latest in the Northwest."

"It doesn't look like tropical storms. Don't bring to do enough to make LA," Ron Martin said, somewhat sadly. "Just a little beach erosion."

By the end of the meeting it was clear that the usual method of producing a newspaper is to provide information to the readers. Gannett has reversed the process, pulling crucial information from readers and then giving them back what they already knew in a relatively greater detail. Even today, after the paper opens its new "backdoor channel," USA Today holds focus groups to find out what readers think of, with the paper's top editors flying in to observe the process through one-way glass. In effect, the readers get to edit the paper, while the editors, much like TV executives, spend their time adjusting the bottom line to the latest ratings.

USA Today isn't so much assisting television as using that medium to create a

counterparty for itself. Borrowed from its other efforts in media recovery, data and printing plants around the country, the paper is literally news from nowhere, with "Via Satellite" written below the line in place of the usual city of origin. Since it can't depend on local bylines to attract readers, the new newspaper does not rely on television, which has become so much what makes us "truly one nation" these days, what we hold in common as Americans. That's why the paper is more a report on the society than a reflection through the medium than on the country itself. (This is true not only in the Life section, where television news predominates, but even on the last page, where the only coverage of a Reagan economic speech, for example, contained the wrong many television stations refused to carry it rather than what the President said.) But whereas

that site does to watch the same program at roughly the same time, USA Today can only assume television. It must work a lot harder to create a community, which is the day-evening flip of what is in its advanced advertising and much like about the paper.

USA Today's primary audience is not just Americans, of course, but apparently includes Americans from here—rather, temporarily displaced travelers or the most parsimoniously relocated. Like the Holiday Inn, the paper promises them "no surprises." It aims to make the "news" instantly accessible, a view of American America for those who no longer live there, and to let each other an endless stream of life in these United States "bright" along with two pages of news briefs into all fifty states alphabetical order. The subjects USA Today emphasizes, readers and sports, are the same ones television news emphasizes most, and for the same reasons: they affect us immediately, if fleetingly; require no special long-winded, wide-focus context; and lend themselves to simple statistical presentation. Whether gets a full page in the paper, but much as the rest of the world completely, while sports is the best and most widely read of its four sections, so complete that every in-season week there is a listing of the top twenty-five high school basketball teams in the nation—men's and women's both.

There are more-substantial ways that USA Today creates a sense of community for the readers that parallel television's, such as the peculiarities of substituting USA for America in the United States or just U.S., or neither how answered the month. In headlines and the text of stories alike, an all-purpose, editorial "we" has been widely expected to include all of us, whether as individuals or as a society moving with the great few, with some reason (as we have seen), but somewhat excluded (in of US WORTH OVER 100 MILLION, aren't sure if we belong or not (GOVERNMENT PAYS 1 BILLION MORE OF COLOR, as many things among all the paper's front-page headlines for not just America, don't care much one way or the other).

However everywhere it may stand, true creation in USA Today. The paper's compulsory television serves its command line, since all lists, even the most seemingly conflict-prone—"The This Is That (Drove Us Most)," say—are by definition inclusive. At times USA Today appears to be more complicated than written, with information "bulletized" (a favorite still misused) and dense "charts" (another favorite) broken out into colorful bar graphs, or simply set down in some sort of numerical order. Stories are written in a uniform see-Spot-us style intended to convey supplemental information to a busy reader who is assumed to be short on time, long on color TV, and often on the move. Even USA Today's staffers agree it's a "McPaper," as the by-line standard joke has it, that provides "McNews" of news. (The editor John Quinn put just one more philosophically: "Let's cut a lot of little paragraphs.") My guess is that the paper's first Pulitzer will be won by the editors.

To date USA Today claims 1.8 million readers, which would make it the third-largest newspaper in the country, behind The Wall Street Journal and the New York Daily News. But not unlike the paper itself, national advertisers still seem to be focusing their attention on network television, with the result that last year alone Gannett might have lost as much as \$300 million on the venture.

Not long ago company chairman Neuharth formed a committee charged, at part, with devising secret contingency plans for his papers and one at the options they're considering is starting a television operation. In a way, the idea of viewer-readers calling up the information they desire from a computer bank and receiving it over their home TV screens would seem to be a natural evolution for USA Today. No more reader surveys or focus groups. No more front-page clutter or editorial second-guessing. No more color-separation problems or delivery-system concerns or time-once complications. No more need to create a community separate from television's. Of course, no more newspaper, either.

RICHARD M. LITVIN is a regular contributor to *Esquire*.



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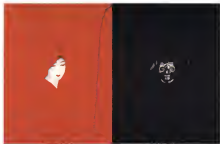
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RED ROOM, 1986

BLACK ROOM, 1986

Using photography as her medium, artist Sarah Charlesworth explores images representing sexual and material desire. "We often perceive these pictures that are both as coded visual symbols, primarily from their content," and emphasize form, ignoring their constitutive aspects. Charlesworth's work is about desire: the act of consuming in the viewer, in which male figures have become preferred visualizations providing how we allow them to be the sexuality and social position. Often these disorienting "Directed Gaze" (the looking like other powers cannot see) images of looking—of looking from a position of power—reflect the viewer's in a way that is heavily characterized by a complex of the. The viewer's desire for the photograph is often, though often not only, a desire to see. The viewer's desire for the photograph is often, though often not only, a desire to see. The viewer's desire for the photograph is often, though often not only, a desire to see. The viewer's desire for the photograph is often, though often not only, a desire to see.

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Casanova's Memoirs

by Italo Calvino

Translated from the Italian by
WILLIAM WEATHERS

I
**A lover's thoughts on love's
true creative complexities**

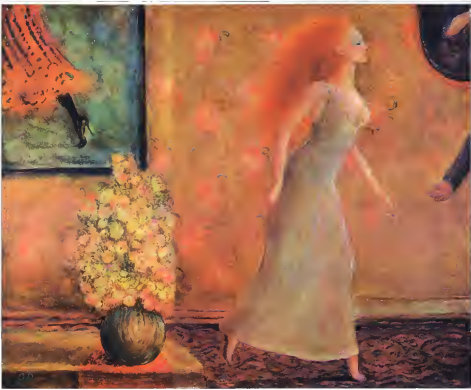
HOW LONG I'VE FOLLOWED HER SINCE SHE REMEMBERED ME I DON'T KNOW. I sat down beside her; she had only to turn slightly toward me and hide her face behind her hand (I whispered things to her: she laughed), and the illusion that I was with Dione overwhelmed me. The illusion stirred memories, sensations, desires. To convey them somehow to Irina, I grasped her hand. The contact and her start revealed her to me as she was, different. This sensation predominated over the other, though without erasing it, and proved to be, in itself, pleasant. I realized that it would be possible for me to derive from Irina a double pleasure: that of pursuing through her my lost Dione, and that of allowing myself to be surprised by the novelty of an unknown presence.

Every desire draws a pattern inside us, a line that rises and oscillates and sometimes descends. The line aroused in me by the absent woman could, a moment before declining, intersect the line of my curiosity for the woman present, and transmit its ascending impulse to this pattern still to be drawn. My plan deserved being carried out: I lavished attention on Irina, until I convinced her to come to my room during the night.

She entered. She dropped her cloak. She was wearing a flimsy white shift, of course, that the breeze stirred the window, since it was spring, stood open. At that moment I realized that a conclusion different from what I had foreseen was commanding my sensations and my thoughts. It was Irina who occupied the whole field of my attention, Irina as a unique, irrefutable person, skin and voice and gaze, while the resemblance with Dione that now and then cropped up again in my mind were merely a disturbance and I hurried to dispel them.

And so my encounter with Irina became a battle with the shade of Dione, who never ceased interlarding between us, and every time I thought I was about to grasp the indefinable essence of Irina, and had established between us an intimacy that excluded any other presence or thought, there was Dione, the already undergone experience that for me was Dione, who imprinted her mark on

ITALIA CALVINO'S BOOKS INCLUDE *Invincible Cities*, *Tango*, and *Mr. Palomar*.



PAINTING BY GIANNI CARACENI

what I was living at that very moment and who prevented me from leading it as mine. Throughout. At this point, Dave, my secretary and her imprint, inspired only irritation as me, constraint, ennuie.

The dawn was entering through the blinds in shafts of post-prayer light when I realized, with certainty, that I was with Kate and not that one of them who so often, but neither resembling this, a night still to come, in which I would seek the memory of love in another woman and I would suffer first in finding her and losing her, and then at not being able to escape her.

Kate and Hilda

During my stay in 1944, I had two women as intimates: Kate and Hilda. Kate visited me every morning. Hilda every afternoon, in the evening I would go out society, and people were amazed to see me always alone. Kate was plump, Hilda was thin. After identifying them, I refreshed my desire, which sends around most sexual vision. I loved repeating the same words to her. I controlled every trace of her and the woman Hilda for Hilda, and I believe I succeeded in preventing one from ever learning of the other, then and perhaps afterward as well. Naturally it sometimes happened that I would wake up and my fingers would find that made some only if said to the other. At the former's table I found these ladies: "my favorite brother," or "Don't forget and leave your necklace behind again," meaning surprise, weight, suspicion. But these broad intimacies were not, if I recall rightly, only at the beginning of the double relationship. Very quickly I learned to separate one sister completely from the other, each after had as habits, its continuity of conversation and coexistence, and never intruded upon the other's life.

At the beginning I believed the two must have realized, I was very young and was trying to gain experience that enormous knowledge could be transmitted from one girl to the other: both knew much more than I then, and I thought I could teach Kate the secret arts I was learning from Hilda, and vice versa. I was mistaken all I did was make what is solid only when spontaneous and direct. Each of them was a woman himself, or rather such was a lady as when I had to play the relation of girls and planets, orbits, eclipses, inclinations and conjunctions, solstices and equinoxes. Each firmament moved by a different mechanism and at a different pace. I could not attempt to explain for the sake of Hilda the astronomical facts I had learned through observing the sky of Kate.

But I must say that the direction of choice between two lines of conduct did not exist for me any longer: with Kate I was trained to believe in one way and with Hilda in another. I was controlled constantly by my composition of the present, to such a degree that my intuitive productions, my ties, also changed. Two I's alternated

in me, and I could no longer have declared which was mine and which I.

What I have said applies both to the body and to the spirit: the words spoken to me are not to be repeated to the other, and I soon became aware that I had to vary my thoughts in my soul.

When I was in a mood to tell stories and read one of the many events in my adventures, perspective life. I usually have recourse to women I have already stated in society, with some passages that are repeated verbatim, with calculated effects even in depression and joyous. But certain boasts that never failed to win favor with groups of unknown or indifferent people. I was unable to get across when alone with Kate or Hilda unless I made a number of adaptations. Certain expressions that were current among my Kate and Hilda, the women that Hilda caught immediately and replied to I had to explain patiently to Kate: whom she appreciated others that left Hilda cold; at all times I was the conclusion to be drawn from the repeated that changed the subject to Kate, so I was led to end my tales differently. Thus I was gradually constructing two different stories of my life.

Every day I told Kate and Hilda what I had seen and heard the night before, naming, among the unknown, the wild and gathering faces of the city, people, performances, clothing figures, fashionable clothes, constructions in my first, crude phase, when I made no distinction. I repeated exactly to Hilda in the afternoon the story I had told Kate the morning before. I thought in this way to save some of the imagination that has to be constantly expended to keep interest alive. I soon realized that the same episode might mean but not the other.

If I remembered the details they sought from me were different, in my comments and opinions were different. So from the same source I had to derive two discrete stories, and this in itself would not be a great feat, but I also had to live in two different ways every evening: the events I would then narrate the following day. I observed every thing and person from the point of view of Kate and of Hilda, and I judged according to the criteria of the former and the latter. In conversations I spoke in two different modes to the same remark, one reply that Hilda would like and one that Kate would like; each reply provoked counterexamples to which I had to respond, again doubling my wavers. This doubling did not occur in me when I was in the company of one of the girls, but especially when they were alone.

My mind had become the woman's battlefield. Kate and Hilda, unaware of each other in their outside life, were constantly torn to bits, denying the territory within me that they provoked. Every turn each other took from inside. I existed only so long as that conflict of the two factions inside, a conflict of which they knew nothing.

This was the true reason that drove me suddenly to leave and, not to return.

Tulla

EMILY TULLA, AGAIN AFTER TWENTY YEARS. Chance, which had once brought us together and separated us at the moment we entered our respective attitudes, allowed me finally to pick up the thread of my story at the point where it had been broken off. "You haven't changed at all," we said to each other. "We're wearying." Not entirely. "I haven't changed" was what she wanted to tell me, and I had.

This time the story progressed as both of us had expected. Tulla's life beauty occupied at first my entire attention, and it was only at a later stage that I determined not to forget the Tulla of her youth, as I tried to recover the continuity between the two. So, in a game that sprang up spontaneously between us, we pretended that our separation had lasted twenty-four hours and not twenty years, and that our recollections referred to yesterday.

"It was beautiful," he said. "I recalled the me of those days with the bar of those days, they seemed two strangers they seemed attracted to me, all the ladies were magnificent, all tender, but what I regretted of them had no connection with the Tulla of those days, and I had."

Thus, there remained in me a yearning for our earlier, too brief meeting. Was it natural regret for lost youth? But in my present consciousness I felt I had nothing to regret, and Tulla, also, as I was now coming to know her, was a woman too close to me at the present to succumb to nostalgia. I regretted for what we had been unable to have then? A little, perhaps, but not wildly, because (and in the exclusive enthusiasm for what the present was giving me) it seemed to me (perhaps wrongly) that if our desire had been satisfied then, a night have subtracted something from our present now.

If, perhaps, our friend concerned what those two poor young people, those two "ladies," had lost, and to the sum of the losses that the world suffers every minute and never regains. From the peak of our soldierly world, we desired to cast a compassionate glance on the excluded, a selfish sentiment, but it made us enjoy our privileges all the more.

I can draw two opposed conclusions from the story of my encounters with Tulla. It can be said that our having again found each other causes the separation of twenty years before, including our love, our desire, and it can be said, on the contrary, that a rupture that was definitive, desperate. Those two that Tulla and that me of those days had lost each other forever and would never find each other again, and in my world would never meet the Tulla and the me of the present, who (the spouses of happy lives in bourgeois) had by now completely forgotten them.

Fulvia

EMILY FULVIA AT JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT: a chance would have it, I was the first man who young life. Unfortunately, this happy encounter was destined to be brief; circumstances required me to leave the city; my ship was already in the harbor; an departure was set for the next day.

We both knew we would not see each other again, and we knew also that this was a part of the established, metallic order of things, so the address present, to a different extent, as her and as me, was governed, also to a different extent, by our reason. Fulvia could anticipate the emptiness she would feel after the turning of our forty-hour communion, but also the new freedom that would open before her and the many possibilities that would stem from it. On the other hand, needed to see the episodes of my life in a pattern in which the present recast and shadow from the future, and of the after I could already sense the whole arc of the way to its decline and in her I foresaw the complete fulfillment of an enormous vocation that I had helped to make.

And so, in the last lingering before our farewell, I could not avoid saying myself only as the first in the long series of lovers Fulvia would marry later, considering that what had happened between us in the light of her future experiences. I realized that the slightest details of this love Fulvia had lived with absolute abandon would be remembered and evaluated by the woman she would become in the space of a few years. For the present, Fulvia accepted everything about me without posing any demand, but in the near future she would be able to compare me with other men: every memory of mine would be subjected to comparisons, distances, measurements. I still had before me an inexperienced girl for whom I represented all that could be known, but at the same time I felt myself observed by the Fulvia of tomorrow, demanding and disconcerting.

My first reaction was a fear of such considerations. Fulvia's future men appeared to me capable of inspiring a total love, which she had not felt for me. Stronger or later Fulvia would consider the weakness of the good fortune that had befallen me, disappointment, sorrow would keep my memory alive in her. I wanted my unknown successors, I felt they were already long in wait, ready to take Fulvia from me. I hated them. I already loved her too, because later had assigned her to them.

To escape this anguish, I reversed the flow of my thoughts, and from self-deception I shifted to self-mutilation. I succeeded without any effort by temperament. I am more inclined to them a suggestion of myself. Fulvia had been incredibly fortunate in knowing me first, but now, keeping me as a model, she would compare herself to cruel disfigure. The other men she would meet after me would



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seem come to her, weak, dull, foolish. In her innocence, she certainly believed my virtues widespread among those of my sex. I should wear her that, in seeking in others what she had found in me, she would encounter only disappointment. I mumbled, without, at the thought that she such a delicious cheat Pulva would fall into unworthy hands, would be insulted, misused, degraded. I hated all of them, and in the end I also hated her, because she saw her from me and sentenced her to these degrading contacts.

One way or another, the passion that had seized me was, therefore, what I have always feared called jealousy, an affliction of the spirit to which I thought circumstances had made me immune. Once it was determined that I was jealous, I could believe only like a jealous man. I took it out on Pulva; I said I could not bear her serenity on the eve of our separation. I accused her of being impatient to be admitted to me; I was unjust to her, even that she (merely through her responsiveness) seemed to find my change of mood natural and was not much upset by it. Seriously, she advised me not to waste a futile reproaches the little time we had left to be together.

Then I look at her feet. I began to try to know me, not to be too harsh toward my memory when she would find a companion worthy of her; I hoped for no greater boon than that of being forgotten. She treated me as if I were mad, she would slow me to speak of what had happened between us only in the mostattering terms; otherwise, she said, the effect was spoiled.

This failed to reassure me as far as my usage was concerned, but then I was moved to pity Pulva for her future lot. Other men were about to die, I should warn her that the fullest she had known with me would not be repeated with anyone else. She replied that she prized me too, because our happiness came from her and me together, and, separating, we would both lose it. In my case, to preserve it longer, we should let ourselves sleep in it completely, and not insist on defining it from outside.

The conclusion I reached is, from the ship that was weighing anchor, I moved my headcocked at her on the quay in the distance. The experience that occupied Pulva throughout the time she spent with me was not the discovery of me or even of love or of men, but the discovery of herself; even in my absence this discovery, now begun, would have no end, I had been only an instrument.

Sofia

OF ANOTHER WOMAN I MIGHT RECALL A gesture, a turn of phrase, an accident that is a part of her very being, as individual as a signature. But not of Sofia. I mean, I recall much about her, perhaps too much: eyelids, smiles, a snarl, a perfume, many tones and changes, the songs she knew, a

marry confession, certain dreams: all things that my memory hoards, things that regard her but are destined to scatter because I cannot find the thread that ties them together, and I do not know which of them contains the true Sofia. Between one detail and the next there is a void, taken one by one, the details could be attributed to another woman as easily as to her. As for the intimacy we shared (we met secretly for several months), I remember that each time was different, and this difference, which should be granted by someone like me who loses the dulling effect of habit, now poses a fault. In fact, I cannot remember what impelled me to seek out her in particular, one after time. In other words, I really remember nothing.

Perhaps what I wanted to discover about her at the beginning was simply whether she attracted me or not; and so the first time I saw her I besieged her with questions, none of them even indiscreet. She could have perished there, but instead at every contact she encouraged me with a number of explanations and revelations and jumbled digestive situations, through which, as I made an effort to follow her and to retain everything she was telling me, I became more and more lost. As a result, it was as if she had not answered me at all.

To establish communication in a different language, I ventured a career. Sofia's movements, all meant to restrain and delay my attack, if not to repulse it, caused my kind, at a moment when one area of her body was changing it, to grant other areas than our dissembling caused me to carry out a fragmentary but extensive survey of her skin. In short, the information collected by my sense of touch was no less abundant than that recorded by my hearing, though just as incoherent.

Now we had only to complete our acquaintance on every level as soon as possible, that the woman who, before my eyes, stripped herself of her visible garments along with the amiable ones imposed on her decorum by worldly etiquette—was she a unique woman, or was she many women all together? And of these, which was the one who appealed to me and which were the ones who did not? On such occasions, I never failed to find in Sofia something I had not expected, and I grew less and less able to reply to the first questions I had asked myself: Did she attract me or not?

Today, delving into my memory, I have a further suspicion: either it is I who, when a woman casually clothes of herself, am unable to understand her, or a Sofia who was employing a highly subtle tactic to avoid being captured by me, by revealing herself so abundantly. And I say to myself: Among them all, she is the one who was a good to slide me, as I had never had her. So did I really love her? And then I ask myself: What have I truly lost? And further: To have someone? something? What does it mean? ☐



BY GEOFFREY NORMAN

AN UNNECESSARY EVIL

New York's Westway project holds lessons for us all

IF YOU do not live in or near New York City, you have probably never heard of Westway. If you do live there it must seem, some days, as though you have never heard of anything else. Westway has been in the news since 1971, when Nelson Rockefeller was governor, John Lindsay was mayor, and the Giants still played football inside the city limits. Since then governors, mayors, and the Giants have gone to their different rewards and *The New York Times* has leveled thousands of acres of fir trees to make way in favor of what remains "the proposed" Westway. A municipal construction project has become the focus of one more epic struggle involving billions of dollars, some large political reputations, and the energies of people who stand to win big if the project goes forward. People like Nelson Rockefeller's brother David, the family's banker. The opponents of Westway have taken back to a final line of resistance.

one that may finally break the project: namely, some federal laws designed to protect fish.

Westway is a highway, tunnel, and road-building project that would, proponents say, spruce up the west side of Manhattan Island's waterfront from the Battery to Forty-second Street. (God knows it needs sprucing up.) The design of the project is grand, opponents say grandiose. It was a little rich even for Robert Moses's blood—the mayor builder looked at the plans and declared that the project was too expensive. Critics of Westway now contend that it will cost six thousand dollars for each foot it ever finished.

Proponents say that Westway would more than pay for itself by bringing in businesses and alleviating traffic problems as well as by providing parking and waterfront recreational areas. Critics claim that Westway would bring more automobiles into Manhattan, where they already exist in massive numbers, like starlings. The money



it would cost to build Westway would, they say, be better spent on mass transit. Anyone who has ridden a New York subway lately can sympathize with this point of view. But, say proponents, there wouldn't be as much federal money available for mass transit as for Westway, which would be part of the Interstate Highway system and thus could qualify for 90 percent funding under the Highway Trust Fund. Not so, say opponents. Westway would never get that much—but whatever it did get could be exchanged for mass transit funding under a trade-in formula... and so on. Now, all of this seems familiar, another political struggle over the allocation of resources. One is tempted to say that New Yorkers should be left alone to fight it out. If they choose right, then good for them. If not, well, New Yorkers are proud of being able to cope.

But when the matter of the fish is considered, Westway becomes something more—in both real and symbolic terms.

By 1977, when the first Environmental Impact Statement on Westway was filed with the Army Corps of Engineers (the agency to be killed and dredged were navigable waters and fell under its jurisdiction), the area in question was called a biological wasteland. And, indeed, that's what it looked like: It was a load of foul backwater cluttered with rotting piers and debris, where sewage sludge accumulated on the eddies between tides. Nothing, you would think, could live there. Nothing would want to. It would be a misery to fill it with new, clean-dredging spoils.

But the Environmental Protection Agency, the Fish and Wildlife Division of the Interior Department, and the National Marine Fisheries Service all recommended at least further study of the impact on fisheries or denial of the permit to dredge and fill. New York State hired a consulting firm to conduct the studies.

The firm submitted its report in 1981. It said, not surprisingly, what the state, its client, wanted to hear: namely, that Westway would not be harmful to the fishery. Based on this information, the Army Corps granted the permit in March 1981. Almost immediately a coalition of anti-Westway groups pulled out on several grounds. All grounds were dismissed summarily except for the fishery issue. It came down to this: the anti-Westway forces had been beaten on all other socioeconomic, political challenges. But they could still stop the project if they could prove that the report submitted by the consulting firm had to do additional studies was wrong—if they could establish that the "biological wasteland" was an important habitat for striped bass.

THE STRIPER is a fine sea fish. A champion. It is both a blue game fish and an excellent commercial fish. It grows to sixty pounds and more, and it breeds and migrates along the east line, so it can be taken by the beach by commercial fishermen who use

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c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Dewar's and Scotch over ice.

BYRON GIBSON/ARTIST BYRON GIBSON; JAMES HAMILTON/ARTIST JAMES HAMILTON
See Reader's Service Card after page 72.
ESPRESSO/STYLING: JEFFREY

MOST PEOPLE ARE IN FAVOR OF PROTECTING THE ENVIRONMENT—AS LONG AS IT DOESN'T COST THEM DIRECTLY.

techniques and equipment that have been around since before Christ. A fleet of trawlers is out necessary to harvest striped bass, and the fish has supported generations of fishermen all along the Atlantic coast. It has also fed millions of diners, including those who are passing by Westway, at restaurants all across the East, but especially in Manhattan, where it is most often served poached. The striped bass is one of the best table fish ever to swim.

Striped bass sports a bad reputation. Most of the Atlantic stripers come from their own spawning streams—the Chesapeake system, the Hudson, and North Carolina's Albemarle sound. For the last ten years or so the Chesapeake stocks have been declining. Since this is the most productive of the spawning grounds, that has caused a scarcity all along the Atlantic coast. Federal action has been taken to study the problems and to promote common regulations among affected states. Meanwhile, the Hudson continues to produce fish, which spawn upstream where fresh salt water meet, at the vicinity of West Point. With Chesapeake stripers falling off, the Hudson has become more important to the continued existence of a striped-bass fishery.

Let's take the anti-Westway coalition first, of course, allowed to examine the findings of the consulting firm hired by the state. They, in turn, hired their own expert to look over the material. He found that the data contradicted the conclusion that if the firm had found what it said it had found, then the Westway area was critical to the Hudson River striped-bass fishery. In short, somebody had lied.

The judge agreed. So did the appeals court. Westway has been delayed since then, perhaps for as long as two more years, while further studies are conducted. But two years may be too long for the project. Time is running out for it. After 1994, Highway Trust Fund money will no longer be available, and if it runs out before then, Westway needs that money. New York senators Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Albion W. Park III attempted to exempt Westway from the federal legislation in an amendment to another bill. It was a desperate attempt, and it failed. The state has appealed to the secretary of the Army to grant a new permit immediately. And there, as I write, the matter lies.

I, PCOL, am, nevertheless, that there are a few dozen good reasons for not going ahead with Westway. I lived in Manhattan long enough to learn that it didn't entirely

suit me. In my brief experience there, it seemed that the greater the project, the less real benefit it showed to people who actually lived in the city. They needed—not probably still need—cleaner streets, more and better police, safe subways. But there were hundreds of reasons that do not exist in the imaginations of the dreamers or the greed of the bankers, most of whom live in Long Island, Connecticut, or New Jersey.

Yet that is just a personal New York view, not different from a newer bond in the same city a few years ago. The state's relative experience of fish and the project is another thing. Here you get into something that has relevance far ahead of and that will for the rest of time.

It isn't an issue that is easily settled. If it were, it would hardly be worth talking about. A fight that lasts as long as this one has met a light over very many.

PROponents of the project are saying that the environmental issue has been kicked up as an issue of convenience by those opposed to Westway. It is true that is true for some, that there are people who have never thought about striped bass before who were delighted to learn that years ago the species wintered in the area where Westway would be built.

But the charge cuts two ways. Those in favor of Westway don't take environmental concerns very seriously either. The New York Daily News, which has supported Westway in an editorial since the Times has, seemed that the question of whether New York will get the benefits of a \$4 billion federal project comes down to the sea life of some fish. "It went on to call the whole business 'a another example of the way in which petty environmental goals and legal stalling can jeopardize a development of enormous public value.'"

Well, to begin with, one reason for the delay is that the state of New York lost. And that decision would have been made earlier if the consulting firm hadn't withheld important findings. A more interesting point to consider, however, is why it happened the findings.

I think the answer is simple. Most people are in favor of protecting the environment—as long as it doesn't cost them directly. Ask someone if he is in favor of clean air and, almost certainly, he will say yes. Ask him if he is willing to give up his job for it and he will tell you something else. Ask him if he is willing to have someone in Social Circle, Georgia, give up his job and he will say, "Well, it's tough, but you know, we all have to make sacrifices."

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THE COWS CAME OUT CRAZY AND SCARED—IT LOOKED LIKE A PRISON BREAK—AND BRADSHAW FOLLOWED, THROUGH GARDENS AND CLOTHESLINES AND PORCHES.

dow "See just?" he said. "He told you that was going to happen." We agreed it would be the best way to get the cows out, and then we watched to see if we were going to flip out.

When we didn't, we all got out the same door to look at the damage. Bradshaw first, then Freddie, then me. The cows were all making noise like heavy metal doors and the side was buried half a foot into the ground. The trees we had left were smoking; every one of them stood in a different direction. Bradshaw said, "I say it was a weird problem."

Then he sat down against a telephone pole, took out his pocket knife, and began to peel the bark of a piece of forked green wood. Golden light had been on his face. I asked if there were special problems being started to us, too, about.

"Merrig," he said, "is something that builds on itself. Like an argument. If you marry the wrong person, and I do it twice, there's no time to have a good time. No peace at all."

And, finally, what the play depends on, the peace underneath it.

The wood was supposed to be a slaughter, but when I mentioned ice skating, he cut too deep into the fork and one side of a left off. He cut what he had left into five, chop the smaller piece, and scraped the middle until the soft, darker wood there was gone. He lighted down the wood, looked at it from every angle. "This right here," he said, "whatever it is, it's perfect. You'll never see another one like this."

His dog licked his own. He picked the thought back up. "You build a marriage as a career or your breeding stock. You're always building something, and the time goes by on you, then. The thing you think about is that one day you might wake up and realize that the whole time you were building something, that was the time when you had it all."

He studied his stick while the dog went under his chin. "Don't dream too much," he said. "They just live to live."

THE NEXT morning, three of Bradshaw's cows broke through a gate at the auction barn and spilled out into the low-income district of Mansfield, Louisiana.

The cows came out crazy and scared—it looked like a prison break—and Bradshaw came out a minute later and started after them, running about half speed.

The cows took about a block lead, and they leaped off the street and into backyards. Bradshaw followed, through gardens and clotheslines and front porches.

Weeks might not last. A Best Barnet attached to a piece of broken clothesline snatched him from nowhere. And you could hear the cows all the time, breaking through things up ahead.

And then the woods would end, and there would be a screaming woman, or two screaming women, heads scraped in hand-drawn, standing on a porch pointing one way or another, sometimes two ways at once. "That way," Mr. Bradshaw, they all gazed that way.

The cows ran through fences and into the woods, heads scraped in hand-drawn, standing on a porch pointing one way or another, sometimes two ways at once. "That way," Mr. Bradshaw, they all gazed that way.

The cows went two thirds of a mile into town and then turned around. They crossed the highway twice, then went back through some of the same yards, and then, forty minutes after they'd left, they all turned into the parking lot of the auction barn and went back through the same gate they'd come out of.

Bradshaw was out of breath and sweating. The man in the white suit was brushing his hair and looking at his pants. "Mr. Bradshaw, I was wondering if you might have a dollar for us..."

Bradshaw had seen a tea and watched him go into the higher store across the street, and you could see some of the other had rubbed off the cow business.

I WAS thinking about all of that the day I finally called Bradshaw to find out about his cow. I didn't want to jump into it, so I asked about the cows.

"It's all over," he said, and there was a flicker to his voice I hadn't before. I knew he'd understood what I was asking about.

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said. "Don't be," he said. "I'm glad to get rid of everything that means."

"Everything that means?" I said. "Cows, Terry, don't say that." "No," he said. "You know, too."

There was a pause. "Are you talking about cows?" "Cows, bulls, cows..." "What about your area?" "That's gotten better," he said. "We just have to wait and see."

"What do you think?" I said. "He said, 'I think I got a long time left to live.'"

Forty years, maybe.

PETE DEWATER is a columnist for the Philadelphia Daily News.

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HIGH LIFE

BY TAKI

BANG BANG

When the elite go on a shoot, the rest of us go away

AFTER THE Mediterranean beaches close and before snow powders the slopes of Gstaad and St. Moritz, the fabulous rich get out their guns. What they do share that is a matter of interpretation. Americans call it hunting, and the British call it shooting, to distinguish it from the sort of sport that requires a pink coat, a horn, and a fox. The apparent aim of this sport is to kill birds: grouse beginning mid-August, followed by partridge, pheasant, snipe, woodcock, and, finally, grouse until the end of January. But what with the rich sportsman's predilection for expanding his horizons, once he begins to take aim, neither men nor beast can escape his range.

Luckily people are mostly

just peppered with shots and may lose an eye or two, but rarely the whole ghost. Hardly anyone joins that fashionable hobby in the way as a result of being stink in a shoot. My favorite casualty story is about an Italian who shot across a marked boundary and hit a fellow shooter. When his English host complained that it was the third time in three years that he had shot someone, the Italian retorted that he was the best shot in Italy. "No, and you must be the only one left in your country," replied the Englishman.

The famous magazine writer Anthony Holden-Guest was once invited to a shoot by my English cousin, Alexander Chavichov. During his tenure Holden-Guest had me drink too many, something he has been known to do now and then. When the shoot commenced, Holden-Guest was in no shape to aim and fire. British etiquette, however, requires that one may leave the field only after shooting someone, not before. Needless to say, Holden-Guest promptly hit a better (one of the men who Bush birds from the brush) American, feeling terrible about having peppered the poor man, he asked Chavichov for a first fire powder. Chavichov gave it to him but later confessed to me, "I didn't mind him shooting the better, but I did mind when I found out that he gave the poor chap only ten shillings and kept the rest for himself."



When I contacted Holden-Guest with what Chavichov had said, he shrugged and retorted, "Back in those days that is all one gave a better."

A relative of mine shot his hanker a few years ago and, as ritual required, left the field immediately. My relative is known for missing birds and hitting people. For a while the hanker remained available on the ground while his bleeding leg was attended to. After half an hour, however, people began asking him to get up. In fear he looked up and landed at them. "Are you crazy?" He still has another hanker left.

My relative's galls were perhaps compounded with Lord Mountbatten's, however. Last year someone his hanker had but became reviled for reportedly shooting at a hot-air balloon full of people that had inadvertently crashed over his grouse moor. "I thought it was a rather big phantasm," was his reputed excuse.

One elite has been threatened about—I say accused because I don't shoot animals—there was a terrible German preening who got on everyone's nerves because he was so stupid. As he would have it, he preened someone with a shot. When the victim screamed, "What's the matter with you, are you blind?" he calmly replied, "Now, I hit you, didn't I?"

In general, the British master hunters but welcome them on their shoots.

As a matter of fact, most British shoots are now almost completely controlled by "industrial" managers who fancy the idea of shooting with a duke or two, or even a manager. One week of shooting grouse can cost about \$4,500 per gun, and a pair of Mallard & Holland shotguns or Pheasant's will set the novice back at least thirty thousand big ones.

Americans get off rather well in British estimation—they are considered trigger-happy but safe. The falcons, on the other hand, are thought to aim far back across the line where the hunters are, knowing that their chances of getting a human are more than likely. Similarly, the French will resort to the home-grown target if they are threatened in

their efforts to poach other people's birds. Surprisingly, the Germans escape British censure. They are known for their aversion to hitting anything, including birds. (That is so because in order to get acceptable shooting income in Germany it takes about two years of expert mismanagement.)

Shooting often provides the occasion for a good joke. My favorite is from David Niven, about a missed shot. A duke in Niven's party shot a corner pigeon by mistake. As the pigeon landed with a dull clatter Niven asked if there were any letters for him. His host didn't find this so amusing and never invited him back.

There are more curious (and European) widdies that British sportsmen than there are English jockeys going out with Ayres. A shoot today has become the quickest way to climb up the greasy social pole, and there are plenty of trigger-happy wannabes willing to shoot and to pay exorbitant sums in order to race with who they think are their betters. As a matter of fact, the best way to be thought of as a gentleman in Britain by people who do no less better is to have a shoot, or to go on one.

But despite the charming reports, I think I'll stick to home and home. At least in those sports you have a good chance of knowing who the opponents are.

TAKI THUNDERBOLT is a London-based correspondent and author.

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The NEW AMERICA

ALTERNATIVES FOR LIFE AND THOUGHT IN THE EIGHTIES

WHAT'S ONE WAY TO INCREASE your productivity, make more money and enjoy your job? For some, it's owning a piece of the business. See page 122.

THERE ARE A LOT OF NEW BOOKS about computers in bookstores. How can you tell which ones are worth buying? Read about it in Computer Talk. See page 124.

Work in Progress

A NATIONWIDE PAGING service can now deliver voice messages in seconds to people in all parts of the country. Sales reps on the road, sales firms a telephone, can pick up new orders. Through a combination of paging and electronic mail, they can alter contracts and sign them long distance several times in one day.

The service is being created by Interstate Radio Telephone and Headquarters Companies. "Until now," says Michael London, president of HQ in San Francisco, "users of message services have had to put up with a lag between message delivery time and receipt time, when they checked in with their telephone or electronic mail services."

However, with the new technology, a sender picks up the phone, dials a local number, and delivers a message anywhere in the U.S. Two to three seconds later, a receiver, who may be up to three thousand miles away, hears the sender's voice as a pocket pager.

The receiver can be anywhere—at the office, across town, or across the country. In any case, he is free of his tie to office or home. (With electronic mail or remote-control answering machines, receivers are not aware of getting messages at the time they are left.)

The system can also be linked to telephone call forwarding. If a client calls the office, for instance, he can automatically reach a sales rep traveling on the road.

Future developments include equipping patrons with tiny display screens and printers.

The founding companies have applied for FCC licenses in more than fifty cities. Estimated cost to users: \$30 per month.—Connie Zweig



The syncro-energizer has helped the brainpower right and left hemisphere operate as a unified superbrain.

The Brain

The Syncro-Energizer: Letting a Black Box Meditate for You

AS BEING DOING the headphones and goggles he is loose, straight. He adjusts a dial on the small console and hears a pulsing electronic tone; light bulbs above the goggles encircle the eyes and flash rhythmically. "When colors flicker like a fan," he tells us cheerfully, "but instead of seeing the fan, I see the fan... I feel unconsciously open and receptive." He nods into a posture of deep repose. "Euphoria," he smiles. "It's like somebody just dropped me in the sun..." His brain is being "reprogrammed."

The device is called a Syncro-Energizer (SEI), and it shares not controls the user's mental and physical state by inducing an integrated, adjustable pattern throughout the brain. According to its inventors, Cleveland psychiatrist Dennis Georgia, the SEI is a practical application of the recent discovery that the brain's hemispheres operate separately and that specific

mental states produce characteristic brain waves.

With the revelation of the brain's dual right and left brain hemispheres operate independently, scientists realized that humans use only half their brain at a time, activity flickering back and forth between hemispheres. "What would happen, they wondered, if we used all our brain power simultaneously?"

The answer came a decade ago, when neurologists found that as subjects entered deep meditation the electrical waves of both hemispheres, usually unrelated, shifted into an alternating, harmonious rhythm. This rare state, hypersynchrony, seemed to explain meditation's beneficial effects: meditators think with their whole brains. Also, only experienced meditators could produce the state at will.

Then came the discovery that certain electronic sound waves caused a jagged, jiggery-following response in the brain.

like a crystal globe: according to a pure form, the brain responds to an audio signal by reproducing it—by becoming synchronized.

This was something revolutionary. Since specific brainwave frequencies (such as the well-known alpha waves) produce specific mental and physical states, now one could simply put on earphones, twist the frequency selector knob, and instantly evoke peace, vivid memories, or extreme alertness.

Dr. Gorgea sensed the potential of such electronic brain-tuning: push buttons, bliss, creativity or distress. He devised strobochrome goggles whose pulses created a visual-frequency following response. Combining the sound and light rhythms, he found, boosted the effect: with a whole new audio-visual brain synchronization accompanied by a stream of brilliant and emotionally charged images. With the FDA's classification of his invention as "a relaxation and learning device," Gorgea began marketing it, largely to health professionals, educators, and research institutes. He has now shipped over seven thousand, with some 250 in direct use.

So far, the SR is most widely used for stress reduction. According to Dr. Roman Chusky, medical director of the North Jersey Developmental Center in Tuxedo, New Jersey, and Dr. Thomas

Radzinski, of the Behavioral Medicine Associates clinic in Dover, even extremely anxious and tense people became deeply relaxed by the machine. "It acts as a tranquilizer for those on four days," says Chusky.

Noting the vivid quality of the images produced, Radzinski observes that "people report a lot of childhood visual flashes," making the SR "very useful for getting it early and forgotten traumas" and a unique tool for psychotherapy and other forms of self-exploration. There is also evidence that the SR can spur creativity, enhance suggestibility and learning, reduce pain, speed healing, and perhaps even increase both memory and general intelligence.

But the most intriguing possibilities lie in the mass market: a lot of people would like to get their hands on an instant euphoria machine that also expands mental powers. At last demand defines space: the machine won't have to replace the Walkman anytime soon. But it is possible to imagine them springing up in offices and bars—mental jukeboxes, where, by dropping a coin in the slot, you can tune in tranquility or get a boost of creativity.

For more information on the SR, contact: PSIUSA Research Foundation, 4380 State Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44103. Tel.: 216-748-1020.—Mike Malachuk

Business

Taking Stock in Where You Work

VLI, AN IRVINE, California, manufacturer of contraceptive sponges for women, has a new management twist: nearly one third of the company's 180 employees own a significant share of company stock. "When we work on a different principle," says the forty-two-year-old VLI president, Bruce Verhaas, who developed the "sponge" concept before founding VLI in 1975, "employees have a stake in making it. The secretaries are enthusiastic—they can make fifty thousand dollars on this deal—and the engineers are motivated like hell."

An increasing number of firms are doing what VLI is doing: discovering that widespread employee stock ownership motivates workers far more effectively than the more-conventional universal, cash-on-the-barrel approach. Although workers at most firms with Employee Ownership Stock Option Plans (ESOPs) own only a tiny share of the means of production, they exhibit far higher degrees of interest in their company—often with dramatic effects on productivity and



Some happy holders of an employee-owned plan. A University of Michigan study found that firms with some worker ownership enjoyed profits one and one-half times those of conventional companies in their fields.

another report, prepared by the University of Iowa in 1980, found that companies with ESOPs enjoyed a 0.70 percent increase in productivity, in contrast to a 0.74 percent drop among their non-ESOP counterparts.

Worker-owned firms have existed in America since the 1790s, but only since the social and economic transformations of the last two decades have they entered as a major force on the business landscape. In 1975, three hundred American firms offered some form of employee-ownership plan, today there are well over five thousand in 16 percent of those, workers own a majority of the stock.

Perhaps nowhere has this new equity orientation had a more profound effect than in the fast-growth world of entrepreneurial high technology firms. At such highly successful companies as Tandem, Taskco, Intel, ASR Computer Systems, and 3Com, employee incentives are tied closely to stock-ownership plans. For instance, since Tandem went public (in 1977) thirty-seven employees have become millionaires, while some assembly-line workers have topped stock benefits up into the \$100,000 range.

Worker ownership is just beginning to spread to a range of other companies. Among the most conspicuous examples are two regional airlines, New Jersey-based People Express and the newly formed America West, the Record Factory, a Northern California record store chain, and Janco, a Los Angeles-based insurance firm.

But perhaps worker ownership's greatest growth lies within the supposedly dying basic industries, such as autos and steel. Over the last three years worker- or manager-owners have taken control of scores of onetime corporate subsidiaries in these hard-pressed industries, many of them slated for destruction. At a former GM auto-bearing plant in Clark, New Jersey, for instance, workers threatened with the loss of their jobs took over the plant in 1981. Within a year productivity was up 50 percent and the plant sold off back to the block. Other baby buy-outs, scattered from Waterloo, Iowa, to Lewistown, Maine, have helped save as many as fifty thousand jobs.

One major stumbling block for the spread of worker ownership in the traditional industries has been the suspicions of coo-union leaders, who have regarded ESOPs as another form of corporate co-optation. "I don't like the traditional adversarial relationship. They think it sets a bad precedent," observes Kazuo Imai, research director of the San Francisco-based

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office of the National Center for Employee Ownership. "They [management] saw it as a form of 'lesser socialism,' where they only get the companies when they're in deep trouble."

Recently, however, a new breed of labor leaders, spurred in part by severe setbacks in the basic industries, is beginning to realize that even lesser socialism is preferable to public capitalism. At Continental Steel, in Kokomo, Indiana, for instance,

steelworkers local president Bill Collins last spring negotiated ownership of up to one third of the company in exchange for a wide-ranging series of concessions that allowed the jaded, century-eight-year-old plant to stay in business. "Owning some of the mill changes people's ideas," Collins asserts. "This is really new our company. We all have to get into the entrepreneurial spirit. It's the only way out." —*Joel Koblin*

ComputerTalk The Essential Computer-Book Library



WALK INTO JUST about any bookstore these days and you'll see that computers are the hottest subject matter since romance. Once relegated to dusty back shelves, computer books are suddenly media stars. *Books to Praise*, the bible of the publishing industry, currently lists more than twelve thousand books about computers, with almost fifteen hundred published in 1983. Nearly every publisher has jumped into the race. The result

is a glut. It's evident that some of the books were written and published almost overnight to cash in on the boom.

Picking out the best books for you can be a bewilder. With certain exceptions, it's best to stay with the old-line publishers (such as McGraw-Hill) that have experience publishing technically oriented books. All too often publishers new to the computer business rely on the author to check the technical accuracy of his book—with occasional disastrous results. The following is an essential computer-book library, a very selective list of the best of the many. *The Personal Computer Book*, by Peter McWilliams (Bantam, \$1.95). Peter McWilliams, the media star of the personal computer, has become well known simply because his book was the first comprehensive book about computers. McWilliams writes in a light and witty style that's a long way from tech jargon.

Strangers in Computerland, by Phil Bertron (Loomis Publishing, \$6.95). After McWilliams's books, this is the latest and best, offering solid information in the readable, off-the-wall style of this Boston Globe computer columnist. Bertron's book is structured around coping with "computer society"; it

inserts a wide range of technical knowledge in a patient manner.

Introduction to Microcomputers: Volume 0—The Beginner's Book, by Adam Osborne (Osborne/McGraw-Hill, \$14.95). Written by the late-to-be founder of Osborne Computer and recently updated, this has long had the reputation as the standard beginner's text. Unlike the books mentioned above, Osborne's book is a no-nonsense look at computer fundamentals. After this, you can jump straight on into Volume 1—*Basic Concepts* (\$16.95), a full-scale course on the technical intricacies of computer hardware and software.

The Illustrated Computer Dictionary and Handbook, by Len Givens (Ginn Press, \$9.95). This dictionary of computer jargon stands out from the many computer dictionaries, due to its comprehensive definitions coupled with charming illustrations and photographs. It's an essential guide to keep in your title when puzzling through more technical books.

The BASIC Handbook, by David A. Lien (CompuScribe Publishing, \$19.95). One problem with the BASIC programming language is that it has a bewildering array of "dialects"—small, meaningless differences from computer to computer. Besides being a valuable reference for experienced programmers, Lien's book covers references to all dialects of BASIC currently found on the market.

The Complete Handbook of Personal Computer Communications, by Alfred Grossman (St. Martin's Press, \$14.95). The first truly complete book on "connecting your computer to the world" through telephone lines. Grossman's book is the services available, what you need to get started, and the future of communications in the computer age.

The Osborne/McGraw-Hill Home Computer Software Guide, by Steve Davis (Osborne/McGraw-Hill, \$11.95). An up-to-date buyer's guide to software for the most popular home computers. The book is divided into sections of concerns for owners, such as word processing, personal finance, and investment. In addition to guidelines for choosing software, it lists reviews and ratings of current software.

The Computer Cookbook: How to Create Small Computer Systems That Work for You, by William Bates (Prentice-Hall, \$12.95). Sometimes a classic in the computer-book field, this was first published in 1979 and has been updated regularly. It's a handy manual of useful information on all aspects of hardware and software. Besides the basic information, it's loaded with practical hints and warnings.

Using Your IBM Personal Computer

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